JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 24, 1940.
VOL. LXVII. 1758.

OVER 2,500 PRIZES WAITING TO BE WON

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

Remember—**Ovaltine Sleep is Nerve-restoring Sleep**

IN times of nervous tension there is nothing more essential than nerve-restoring sleep. Obviously no bedtime beverage can give you this kind of sleep unless it has definite nerve-restoring properties. Long experience and independent scientific tests have demonstrated that 'Ovaltine' provides the essential nerve-building elements and gives outstanding results in all forms of sleeplessness.

Colds and Influenza
Ovaltine is your Safeguard against Infection

Remember that 'Ovaltine' is entirely free from drugs. Its exceptional nerve-restoring properties are largely derived from the new-laid eggs which are liberally used in its manufacture. ***No tonic food beverage would be complete without eggs.***

'Ovaltine' is a scientifically perfect food. It supplies the essential vitamins, proteins, carbohydrates, calcium, organic phosphorus and other food elements required for maintaining health and vitality at the highest level. Remember, too, that the proprietors of 'Ovaltine' go to unusual lengths to ensure and control the excellence of the ingredients used. The world-famous 'Ovaltine' Dairy and Egg Farms were specially established in the interests of 'Ovaltine' quality.

It would be a simple matter to cheapen 'Ovaltine' by altering the proportions of its health-giving ingredients and adding large quantities of other substances. But the result would not be 'Ovaltine,' which is sold at the lowest possible price consistent with the quality and benefits it provides. There is no substitute for 'Ovaltine.'

Drink delicious Ovaltine every night. and note the difference in your Nerve strength and Outlook!

P.521A

NO. 1 OF THIS BRILLIANT NEW MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

NO. 1 JUST OUT

Look out for the lovely cover.

FREE
Inside every copy—this unique
"DRESS YOURSELF" GUIDE
Actual size opened out 21 *in. by* 17 *in.*

Here's wonderful news! It's Just Out—No. 1 of "Everywoman"—the joyous, new-style monthly magazine—and to greet you, *Free Inside Every Copy*, is a novel gift for everyone who likes smart clothes.

Here, at last, is something *really* new! Here is a magazine with personality—friendly, stimulating, challenging, *alive*. Home-making, Knitting, Cooking, Fashions, Beauty—whatever the subject "Everywoman" makes it more interesting, more fascinating, more exciting! "Everywoman" *understands*—knows just the fiction and features you want. You'll like the way it's printed, too, in rich photogravure with pages and pages in sparkling, full colours.

It's *your* magazine—vitally modern—daringly different—out to please you from the very start. Now for No. 1. Everywhere to-day its gay cover will be beckoning to you. The demand is tremendous, and the supply (owing to war time restrictions) is limited—so, *Get your copy at Once!*

NOW LET'S LIFT THE COVER
AND SEE WHAT'S NEW IN No. 1 OF "EVERYWOMAN"

Free — "Dress Yourself" Guide— *Advice on dressmaking, Knitting and Embroidery—in a big Folder which opens out to 21 in. by 17 in., with see-at-a-glance pictures! It's a FREE GIFT enclosed with every copy of "EVERYWOMAN."*

The Bride Comes Home —*An original new feature—the moving story of the war time Bride!*

The First Novel *by brilliant Lyn Arnold appears exclusively in "EVERYWOMAN." Don't miss the opening chapters!*

Home Service Centre —*No other feature quite like this in any Magazine! Experts of the Home Service Centre test for you the newest things in home-making, homecraft, cookery, shopping, furnishing.*

New Cooking Ideas— *"EVERYWOMAN" has some original, easy recipes for you—including a quick-to-make section—just the thing for the busy housewife.*

Made-to-Measure Jumper—*Grand new service—a "best knit of the month" is chosen and you can get a leaflet giving instructions in your size—FREE!*

5-Page Fashion Parade —*Turn the pages and one by one the new Spring Fashions step gaily by. There's a special Bargain Pattern, too.*

Beauty Surprise — *beautiful full-size MARYLU Lipstick to celebrate the first great issue. Don't miss the offer to every Reader on page 67.*

"Everywoman's" Beauty Parlour *invites you to learn the secrets of loveliness. New Hair Styles! Specially prepared FREE Diet Guide offered to Readers.*

and . . . there is much more in this wonderful sevenpennyworth — just see for yourself!

Remember—Owing to war time restrictions, the supplies of "EVERYWOMAN" at your Newsagent's are limited—and orders placed in advance have already accounted for more than one-half the copies printed—so—get your copy of "EVERYWOMAN" at once!—it is selling out *now*—swiftly—and while you are at the Newsagent's give him a standing order for "EVERYWOMAN" every month. It's the *only* way you can be sure of your copy.

★ **FOR HUSBANDS ONLY!** *Just get a copy of No. 1 "EVERYWOMAN" now—take it home to your wife—and see how popular you'll be!*

HOME-MAKING, KNITTING, COOKING, FASHIONS, BEAUTY—WHATEVER THE SUBJECT, "EVERYWOMAN" MAKES IT MORE INTERESTING.

EVERYWOMAN

EVERY MONTH—SEVENPENCE

CARPET BARGAINS

9/6 This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/- ex., we will forward direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Brusselette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, in 20 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Browns, Blues, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 door mats for 20/- Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D. F. HODGSON & SONS (U.K.), Woodsley Road, Leeds.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 5.

WISE MEN ARE WEARING THE NEW 'VERGAS' BELT

6/6 POST FREE

—because it gives support and safety with comfort hitherto unobtainable. Supports the abdominal muscles, making you look slimmer and younger—better to tackle work without fatigue or strain. Braces sagging stomach muscles. Prevents Colitis and liver and kidney disorders. Ensures natural functioning. NOTE: We revise the belt FREE of CHAR. E after six months' wear. Scientifically constructed of superfine elastic web. Washable and hygienic 6/6 post free. Send NOW, stating waist measurement, to VERGAS (Dept. J.B.), 128, Baker St., London, W.1.

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You can teach yourself to PLAY THE PIANO REED ORGAN OR ACCORDION IN 3 MONTHS

by amazing new method which is definitely the easiest and quickest yet discovered. Write to-day without obligation (stating instrument) for

FREE LESSON

and play simple melodies immediately

KLAVARSKRIBO (CAMLY LTD.),

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PIANO ACCORDIONS

BY ALL THE MOST FAMOUS MAKERS

Bessell, Siciliani Viminio, Panzetti, Hohner, Crucianelli, Paolo Soprani, etc., used and recommended by Band Leaders all over the country. Here we offer a very wonderful Bargain. 84 Bs. VALUE for 42/-. Piano Finished Cabinet "Siciliani," Metal-bound Bellows, Triple Chord Action; 21 Piano Keys, 8 Bases; Complete with Shoulder Straps. Send only 3/- Deposit for 7 Days' Trial. If satisfactory you pay Balance by Monthly Payments of 4/- until 42/- is paid. Full Cash after Approval, 42/- only. Elaborate Tutor. Also Superior De Luxe Model at 82/6, same terms, other models 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys, 24 Bass; 34 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass, all on Easy Terms. Write for fully illustrated List of Piano Accordions and other Musical Instruments post free.

from **1/-** weekly

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.71)

94-104, DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS AT PRE-WAR PRICES

The best money making proposition ever offered the public.

If you want funds for Charity, Club Fetes, Soldiers' Comforts, or any other purpose let the SKILL PUNCHBOARD help you. A 600-hole board costs only 5/3 post free, and makes £2-16-9 profit at 2d. per punch, and £1-5-9 at 1d. per punch. Agents working out special profit-sharing plan are making £5 to £10 weekly. WHY NOT YOU? Our free service Dept. will tell you how. Write for SAMPLE 300-hole board, and illustrated price list .. .. 3/9 post free

Discount for dozen lots.

BURDON HUNTER

(Punchboard Specialist).

Dept. J, 22, WOODVILLE ROAD, LONDON, E.11.

TRADE SUPPLIED

GENUINE LONDON BUSMEN'S TROUSERS 6/6

Post 6d.

An exceptional offer of genuine London Busmen's Navy Blue serge trousers, very slightly worn. In first-class condition. Thoroughly cleaned and pressed. Seam strongly sewn and reinforced. New waist linings. Men requiring trousers for exceptional hard wear and service will find these garments unbeatable. All sizes 32 ins. to 40 ins. waist and usual leg lengths. MADE UNDER CONTRACT, these garments, because of their first-class condition, can only be obtained on very rare occasions. D.B. jacket to match 6/6. Jacket sizes 34 ins. 44 ins. chest. Complete suit 12/6. Post 9d. Order with confidence. Cash refunded if dissatisfied.

WILLSON BROS. (Dept. A)
Upper High St., Epsom, Surrey.
Government Contractors.

Become an Agent for CROWN CREDIT CLUBS

AND BUY WAR BONDS WITH YOUR EARNINGS

£3 CASH OR £4 GOODS *can be earned easily & regularly in Commission!*

NO DRAWING FOR TURNS

ONLY FIVE MEMBERS REQUIRED

NO WAITING FOR GOODS

ALL GOODS DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT

1,500 Articles at 2/6 and upwards to choose from

Post in unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp only.

Name _____

Address _____

J.B.52.

The ATLAS STORES LTD GT. MARLBOROUGH STREET MANCHESTER .1.

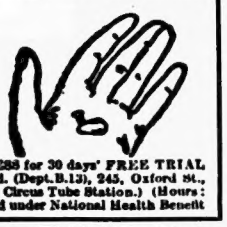
THIS IS ONE OF THE 1,500 BARGAINS OFFERED IN OUR 212 PAGE CATALOGUE, SENT FREE WITH FULL PARTICULARS ON RECEIPT OF THIS COUPON.

DEAF

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER

Don't run extra risks. Our new Silver De Luxe model non-battery smallest invisible earphone is now offered to you at the specially reduced price, viz., 25/-. Thousands are already helped by this amazing little aid that requires no batteries, no wires, no renewals, and is quite invisible. You can try it now FREE.

SEND NO MONEY



SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL OFFER to D. & J. Hill, Ltd. (Dept.B.13), 245, Oxford St., London, W.1. (Over Oxford Circus Tube Station.) (Hours: 10 to 6, Sats. 10 to 1.) Supplied under National Health Benefit

NO PLEASURE OUT-OF-DOORS NOW

PARENTS WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Find fun for all the family with a Riley "Home" Billiard Table

8/6 DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid. Here is the ideal method of finding relief from to-day's worries. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GIVEN. Pay balance as you play. A size for every room. Write for Art List of all types.

E. J. RILEY Ltd.

ANSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON, or Dept. 12, 46/47, Newgate St., London, E.C.1

IF YOU ARE RUN DOWN or LACK PEP

Accept this Unique Health Offer!

IF you are run down, lack appetite and zest for life, accept this unique offer of a Special Trial Supply of 40 Tablets of Yestamin, the New Vitamin Yeast Treatment. It backs you up as it builds you up. You will be able to "keep smiling" and feel fit, free from nerves, indigestion or constipation. Readers of "John Bull" should turn to p. 8 and fill in the special coupon, or write mentioning "John Bull" to The Yestamin Co. (Dept. C.1), Burton-on-Trent. Enclose 3d. in stamps for postage.

SURPLUS AIRMEN'S FLEECE-LINED LEATHER BOUND FLYING WAISTCOATS 3/11

These marvellous waistcoats are fleece-lined throughout. The outer material absolutely water-proof and wind-proof. Actually cost many times our price. Ideal for motor, motoring, farm, etc. BRAND NEW. UNUSED.

Post 6d. (32 to 50 chest).

★REAL LEATHER FLYING HELMETS, 1/9. Post 3d.

BARNES STORES (Pdn.) Ltd. Dept. J.B.

48, Kingston Road, Portsmouth.

12/6 SINGLE Ex. Streng 16/6 In Silk Elastic 28/-

Postage 4d.

18/- DOUBLE Ex. Streng 25/- In Silk Elastic 36/-

Postage 4d.

We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers since we introduced these Wonderful Rupture Appliances. Consisting of a strong elastic body band fitted with soft unpuncturable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once, stating size round body and whether left, right, or double rupture. A Customer writes us—After trying different makes, some very expensive, I find your appliance the best and most comfortable. *Supplied through Approved Societies.*

LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (Dept. B95), Craven House, 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

HEATER for 10 x 8 Greenhouse 10/6

POST FREE. Send Cash with order. Satisfaction or refund. 100% Safe

STEADY HEAT (Not Just 'Warmth')

BURNS 4 DAYS at FULL HEAT on 1 Gal. Paraffin. Strongly made, best British Steel, all welded and painted, raised easy-fill cap; clear mica window; easy control, firm chimney. FUMELESS! (Don't risk old Heater.) Ideal for Bathroom, Cellar, Aviary, Outside Lav., etc. LIST FREE! 12 x 8 Greenhouse size 14/6 14 x 8 21/-

5,000 sold this season.

Meets A.R.P. regulations.

SEND NOW! *Buy before prices rise.*

STOCKPORT DISTRIBUTING CO. (Dept.J.B.), Mersey Street, Portwood, STOCKPORT.

6 BLANKETS for 2/- DEPOSIT

HEAVY WOOLLY BLANKETS, DOUBLE-BED SIZE. White, Pink, Heather or Air-Force Blue, sent for 2/- deposit, balance payable 2/6 on delivery and 2/- fortnightly until 20/- only is paid. Full cash with order 17/6 only.

ART DOWN QUILT Deposit 1/-

FULL DOUBLE-BED SIZE, well filled and as warm as several blankets. Beautiful Art Silk cover in Gold, Blue, Green or Pink. Sent for 1/- deposit, balance payable 2/- on delivery and 2/- fortnightly until 20/- is paid. Full cash with order 18/6 only.

You can have 6 Blankets and Art Down Quilt for 3/- deposit, 4/6 on delivery and 4/- fortnightly.

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'Vulcan' 4-Valve Battery 3-Wave-band Superhet gives full range of reception from Short, Medium, & Long wave stations. Powerful, highly selective Full size Walnut cabinet with all accessories. Batteries, Valves, & Aerial Equipment Nothing else to buy. Price £7.18.6 or 10/6 monthly. No extra for Easy Terms. We offer exchange price for old sets. Catalogue A.C. Mains and Battery Models. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

1 WAY BEDCHAIR

Easy Chair Lounge Chair Full-length Bed Fireside Seat

FULL SIZE

21/-

69 in. long when extended, 23in. wide. Solid oak, 3 velvet cord cushions any colour; turned legs, spring seat. Call and inspect or send for new coloured Catalogue J. Carriage Paid home, 2/-. Eng., Scot. and Wales.

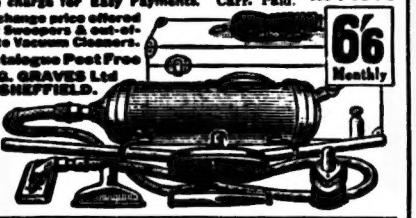
NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD. 82, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

POWERFUL ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER of British make for A.C. or D.C. Mains, equal to more expensive machines, perfectly safe, warranted 1 year. Insulated ball bearing motor, handsomely covered body, bright parts chromium plated, rubber mounted hose, 15ft cable, 2 extension handles, swivel nozzle, sterilising and deodorising set, accessories for cleaning carpets, furniture, &c., Wood cabinet 24 x 12 x 10ins. No charge for Easy Payments. Carr. Paid. £5:10:6

Exchange prices offered for Suction & out-of-date Vacuum Cleaners.

Catalogue Post Free J. G. GRAVES Ltd SHEFFIELD.



6/6 Monthly

IMPROVED FIRELIGHTER WITHOUT WOOD OR PAPER

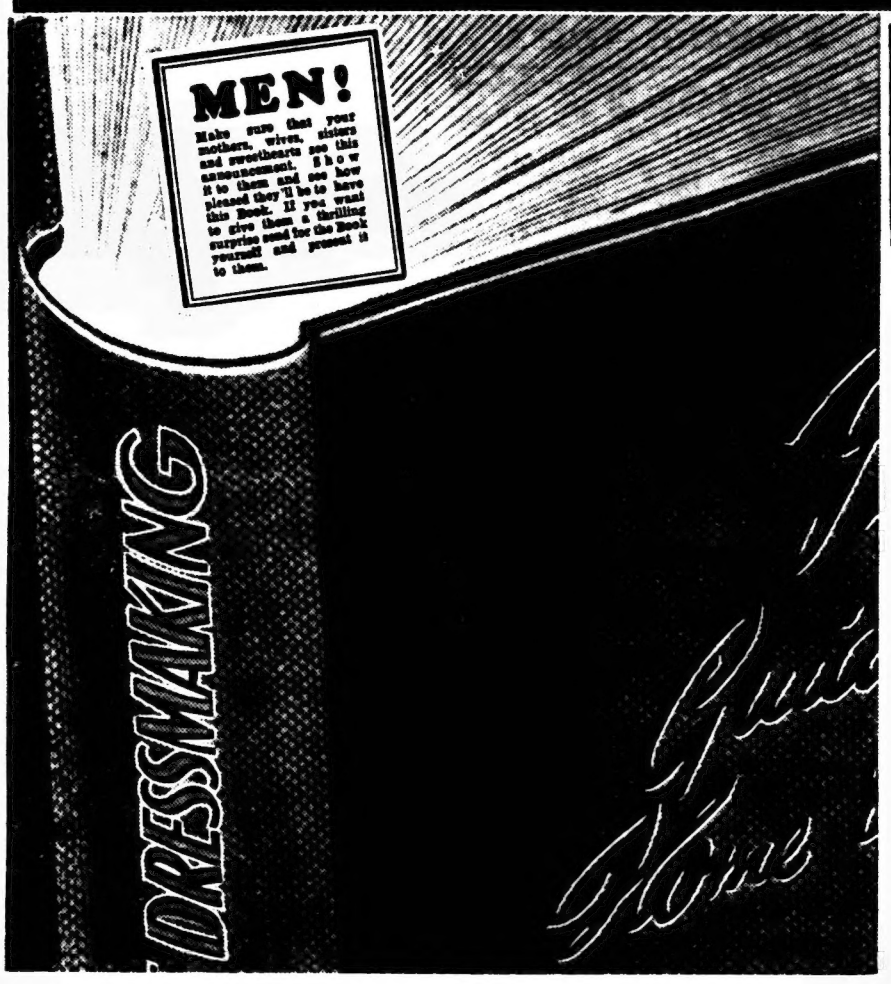
PENN'S INSTANT FIRELIGHTER

Instantly lights coal or coke fire. No wood or paper required. Can be used indefinitely. This British-made FIRELIGHTER is a great labour-saver and is wanted in every home. Does not burn away. Always ready. No mess. Quick and economical. Saves relaying fires. Can be lit thousands of times with a match. Excellent also for reviving a dead fire and for burning garden rubbish. Send NOW. P.O. or Stamps 2/6 to Wm. PENN, LTD. (Dept. F.J.B.), 223, Holloway Rd., London, N.19.

"John Bull's" Great New Privilege Offer to every one of its Readers.

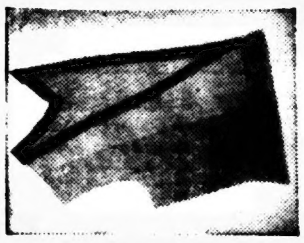
LAST CHANCE!

Hundreds of Clothes every Woman can make

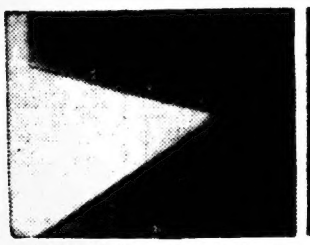

MEN!
Make sure that your mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts see this announcement. Show it to them and see how pleased they'll be to have this Book. If you want to give them a thrilling surprise send for the Book yourself and present it to them.
DRESSMAKING

UP-TO-DATE DRESSMAKING BY PICTURES!

Below are reproductions from some of the 450 pictures in this work.

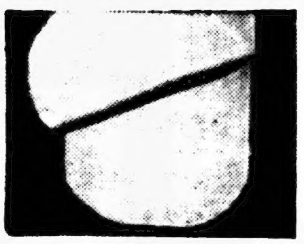


REVERS—This picture shows you how to tailor the revers on a tailored suit.

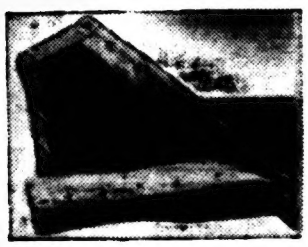


SKIRTS—Skirt openings and pinpoints for dresses are also simply explained.

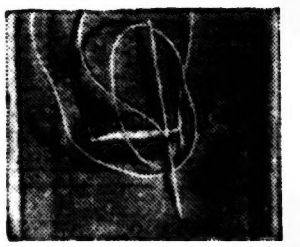
FITTING—A calico pattern pinned to shape on a dress stand.



POCKETS—Here is the inside of a tailored pocket.



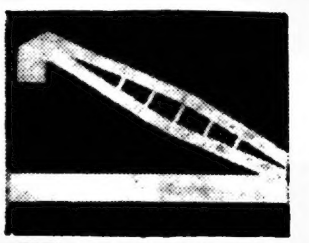
SLEEVE-OPENING—Instructions for making and neatening sleeve openings are given in this work.



BUTTONHOLES—Buttonholes are easy with this wonderful Book.

CUTTING OUT—Cutting out material economically is fully explained.

ZIP-FASTENERS—How to fix a zip-fastener to any material.



SKIRTS—Petersham shaped like this will prevent your skirt from pulling down.

A BOOK THAT WILL SAVE POUNDS

HUSBANDS! Wives! Every "John Bull" reader—accept this final opportunity before it's too late. Send to-day for the greatest guide to home dressmaking ever published—"THE PICTORIAL GUIDE TO MODERN HOME DRESSMAKING!" Up-to-date dressmaking by pictures—over 450 practical photographs and diagrams—thousands of valuable hints. No book in the world like it—a real money saver—especially in these days of high costs of clothes!

In the ordinary way this book would cost a considerable sum, yet, provided you apply at once, it is yours for the amazingly low pre-war privilege price of only 2s. 9d., plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc. All you do now is to send in Forms below—together with 3d. in stamps. This reserves and guarantees your volume in your name. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Hurry! Post Final Forms below TO-DAY.

This is a Standard work—Women can follow its complete and reliable guidance all their lives! It shows how to plan and make any and every garment and in any style—perfectly cut—a perfect fit; how to make patterns—choose the right material—mark out—cut out—fit and finish.

A special feature of this book is the big picture section on clothes to make and wear in wartime, including Working Clothes for the Housewife. A Waterproof Lumber Jacket. A Leather Jerkin. Tailored Slacks. Shirt Blouses. Divided Skirt or Culotte. A Warm Hood. Long Woollen Evening Frock. A Siren (Unity) Suit.

This book is finished in ivory-finish paper. Size: 10 in. by 7½ in.

FOR THE STANDARD EDITION, bound in woven crash cloth, embossed on the spine and front, you send, after you have received your Invoice, *only* 2s. 9d., *plus* 1s., *which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.*

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DO THIS NOW

Fill in the Final Reservation Forms, affix halfpenny stamp to the Label, and post at once, together with your Reservation Fee of 3d. (Threepence) in loose stamps. Be sure to indicate Edition required. On receipt of Forms you will be sent a Privilege Invoice entitling you to secure your book on the special pre-war Privilege Terms. You then send in your remittance and your volume will be dispatched, carriage paid, the moment it is off the press. Don't miss this wonderful new book. This is your last opportunity. Post Final Forms below to-day!

OVER

450

PRACTICAL PHOTOGRAPHS AND DIAGRAMS

Here are a few—and only a few—of the thousands of things dealt with in this book.

PLEATED SWING COATS
HOUSE COATS
TAILORED DRESSES
FANCY APRONS
LINGERIE PROCESSES
DRESS SLIPS
CAMI-KNICKERS
PETTICOATS
NIGHTGOWNS
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BABY'S FROCKS
ATTRACTIVE OVERALLS
PATTERN LAYOUTS
CUTTING OUT
FITTING
ALTERING PATTERNS
PATTERN DRAFTING
PATTERN MAKING
PATTERN MODELLING
FINISHING PROCESSES
DRESS EMBROIDERY
MILLINERY
Etc., Etc., Etc.

POST FORMS BELOW AT ONCE!

CUT ALONG HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE FORMS

"JOHN BULL"

BOOK RESERVATION FINAL ORDER FORM

ADDRESS envelope exactly as shown below and post to:—

BOOK DEPT., J.V.2,
"JOHN BULL," 30, Earlham Street,
LONDON, W.C.2 (Prof.).

Please reserve in my name "THE PICTORIAL GUIDE TO MODERN HOME DRESSMAKING," and send me a Privilege Invoice entitling me to the special Privilege Price. I enclose with this Form 3d. (Threepence) in stamps as Reservation Fee. This guarantees my Volume in my name. I have indicated edition desired.

IMPORTANT

You must send with this Form and Label your Reservation Fee of 3d. (Threepence) IN LOOSE STAMPS. Fill in your name and Full Postal Address in BLOCK LETTERS on Label and affix a ½d. (Halfpenny) stamp to space provided. Form and Label and 3d. in stamps must be posted in a sealed envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp.

STANDARD EDITION { You MUST cross out Edition NOT required. } DE LUXE EDITION

Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS.

YOUR NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE ——/——/—— .....

The last day for receipt of Reservations from this announcement is Tuesday, March 5th. Offer applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. "John Bull," 24/2/40.

A halfpenny stamp MUST be affixed here by you.

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

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J.V.2 .....

SMALL TRADERS, ETC.

BE YOUR OWN MASTER. Sell Drapery Bargains at a fair profit. Silk Stockings, Men's Socks and Children's Wear. 1,000 Bargains. A.B.C Guide Free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

DRAPERS.—80-pp. Illus. Spring Catlog. Post Free. Covers all Depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest selection of perfect goods at keenest prices. Satis. gntd. Wholesale only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds, 1.

CROCKERY.—120 asstd. articles 10/-. 48 cups, sers., 47/-. Glass & Hardware Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Ruralem.

SONGSTER GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES. Once used always used. Buy a box and prove for yourself. Loud, Medium and Soft. 200 for 6d. Bronze pick-ups for Radios. 6d. per 100.—Manufacturers, J. Stead & Co., Ltd., Sheffield.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT. SEND for patterns post free from WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY STREET, LEEDS.

AT NOVELTIES for Dances. Hats Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks.—List J.B. 1885 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills. 250 patterns, post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 9, Rochdale Road, Manchester, 4.

SAVE WOOD AND PAPER.—Light your fire with a Penn Firelighter. See advert. on page 4.

HAVE YOU LOOKED AT
JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
ON PAGE 3?

There are all kinds of useful articles offered at bargain prices, and you can order with confidence, knowing that each offer is covered by the *John Bull* guarantee on this page. For instance, GRAVES of Sheffield offer a 4-wave, 3-v. battery superhet radio for 10/6 monthly. Obtain extra warmth for your greenhouse, garage or A.R.P. shelter with the Stockport Distributing Co's new FUMELESS HEATER costing only 1/6, or Carpet Bargains from F. Hodgson & Sons, who make a free offer to readers. Make EXTRA MONEY by running a CLUB in spare time. ATLAS STORES offer you this splendid opportunity. These and many other interesting announcements appear in
JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

TRUSTWORTHY MEN AND WOMEN WANTED to take up profitable spare-time occupation. No risk. No outlay. Equipment provided free. From £2 up to £5 and more can easily be made in just a few minutes each week. Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Furnishings and Household Goods, direct from the Warehouse at Warehouse prices, on 1/- weekly terms.—Send postcard for big bargain Catalogue and fullest details, to Dept. J.B.65, Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses, Manchester, 1.

EMPLOYMENT.

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the Police, study at home in your spare time; special courses for entrance and promotion; full particulars on advice about other careers, commercial, technical or Civil Service, free.—Dept. A.38, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

A GREAT GUIDE TO CAREERS — FREE.—The School's 180-p Guide explains how you can qualify for a highly-paid Administrative position in Commerce, Industry, Accountancy, Secretaryship, or the Public Services. Write to-day.—The School of Accountancy, 569, Bush House, London, W.C.2.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Reserved occupations for men over 25. Excellent pay and prospects. No exp. reqd. For FREE details of openings, etc., apply CHAMBERS COLLEGE (Dept. 819), 148, Holborn, E.C.1.

CIVIL SERVICE POSTS. Entry by Examination has now been suspended. Both sexes who wish for employment in the Civil Service should send for particulars of our War-Time Entrance Service and details of pay and duties in the various branches.—B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, W.1.

NOW is your chance to get into a Skilled Key Position. Fatherly advice free. Mention what interests you.—Write, F.A. Dept. 38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

CIVIL Service.—Thousands of pensionable appointments made every year, ages 15-24. Our tuition fees from £4 4s. No extra charge for monthly payments. Full particulars free.—Dept. C.38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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DRAUGHTSMANSHIP.—Men over 21 wanted for Reserved Occupations. Thousands of openings in all branches of Engineering, Govt. Service, etc. No exp. reqd. FREE details of rapid preparation and employment service for these vacancies from NAT. INST. of ENG. (Dept. 363), 148, Holborn, E.C.1.

ENGINEERS, now is your chance to dig yourselves into a Key Position; make your future solid. It needs Technical Training. We can give you that by post.—Full particulars free: Dept. D.38, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

AIR Force.—Young Men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers, etc; our postal courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. L.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA. Send 3d. for trial of Gypsy Petulengro's Wonder Herb Remedy to Dept. C.12, Curewell House, Pure-well, Hants.

THE MIGHTY RATION

THAT PUTS 'NEW LIFE' INTO YOU

PEOPLE EVERYWHERE are saying the most wonderful things about YESTAMIN—"The Mighty Ration that puts NEW LIFE Into You at Mealtimes." People are telling their relatives and friends how their "Mealtime Rations" of 2 Yestamin Vitamin-Yeast Tablets have done more for them than anything else—also how Yestamin is keeping them fit even in this most trying War-time. They are able to keep on "smiling"—nothing daunts or depresses them.

INDIGESTION Indigestion and YESTAMIN cannot keep company for long. In 5 to 7 days the appetite picks up, and the extra nourishment gained from hearty, enjoyable eating and good digestion make short work of Stomach Troubles. Former discomfort or distress after eating is thus completely banished.

CONSTIPATION With good digestion, food-wastes reach the bowel in a condition that makes it impossible for Constipation to continue. Thus your body feels light and free from its ever-circulating poisonous burden—thanks to your Mealtime Ration of YESTAMIN Vitamin-Yeast Tablets.

'NERVES' "Nerves" is a complaint due to the Nerves being under-supplied with the special Vitamin nourishment they need. They are just craving for the help you can give them in the 2 concentrated Tablets of YESTAMIN Vitamin-Yeast at meal times. In from 3 to 5 days your Nerves and General Health will be thriving on your improved Digestion and Bowel action. Your Nerves—instead of being irritable and weak—will be strengthened, and—you will "Be of Good Cheer."

Bucks you up as it Builds you up

YESTAMIN

Vitamin-Yeast Mealtime Rations

At All Chemists
40 Tablets 6d. *(7 Days)*
100 Tablets 1/- *(17 Days)*
225 Tablets 2/- *(37 Days)*

TRIAL SUPPLY of 40 Tablets for 3d

HEALTH OFFER TO READERS!

To: The Yestamin Company, Dept. C1 (The English Grains Co., Ltd.), Burton-on-Trent.

I enclose 3d. in stamps for Trial Tin of 40 Yestamin Tablets with Free Copy of "Health Hints A.B.C."

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

MEN who can handle tools, Wood or Metal, Wanted as Teachers of Handicrafts in Boys' Day Schools. Our Correspondence course will fit you for an appointment. Advice free.—Dept. E.38, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

REPORTERS and Journalists Wanted all over the world. No apprenticeship. Our postal course is sufficient.—Dept. J.38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

TRACERS & DRAWING OFFICE ASSISTANTS reqd. urgently. Both sexes—all ages. Practical experience unnecessary. Those wishing to take up this well-paid work should apply immediately for Free Handbook to B.I.E.T. (Dept. 711), 17, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

TELEPHONY, RADIO & MOTOR ENGINEERING ARE EXPANDING RAPIDLY; there are lots of vacancies; our Postal Courses will make you eligible; advice on all careers free.—Dept. T.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., Sheffield.

POLICE RECRUITS WANTED for permanent, pensionable appointments in various Forces. Good physique important. — Write for Free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), Oxford Street, W.1.

KAY'S LINSEED COMPOUND frees hard PHLEGM FREE. Send 2d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and postage for GENEROUS Free Sample to KAY BROS., LTD., Dept. J.B., Stockport.

PERSONAL.

MEN, WOMEN PAST 40! FEEL YOUNG as ever. New Oystrax Brand Tonic Tablets contain raw oyster stimulants vitamins general invigorators. First dose starts new life, vigour, vital force, or maker refunds price. Introductory size, 1/9. For sale at all chemists and all branches Boots' Timothy White's and Taylor's.

A FREE sample of Dr. Blosser's Herb Cigarettes to bring comfort and relief to catarrh and asthma sufferers will be sent to readers who fill in the coupon in the advertisement on page 33.

A.R.P. Workers. Always have a tin of Zee-Kol Ointment handy. When one is on the march, rub in Zee-Kol between the toes and all round the feet. They will keep in perfect condition, and your feet will not get tired. Zee-Kol works wonders with Skin troubles and heals Ulcers, Chilblains, Severe Burns, etc. Zee-Kol Ointment costs only 6d., 1/3 and 3/- everywhere.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

ACCEPT this unique Health offer. If you are run down, lack appetite and zest for life, fill in the coupon in the large display advertisement on this page, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Yestamin Co., Dept. C.1 (The English Grain Co., Ltd.), Burton-on-Trent, for full-size 6d. tin of 40 tablets of Yestamin, the new yeast treatment. Enclose 3d. stp. for postage.

START taking Horlicks to-night. This nourishing, well-balanced food will neutralise the acid waste products that keep nerves and brain active during sleep, thus guarding against night starvation. See how much more energetic and hopeful you will feel after taking Horlicks regularly. See page 25.

SMASH that 'flu attack to-night with ASPRO. Two Aspro's and a hot drink will do the trick. Aspro used as a gargle will get rid of that sore throat, too. Two Aspro tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent. See Back Cover.

WOMEN! One of the best ways to build up the extra resistance you need to safeguard health, nerves and looks is to fortify yourself regularly with Wincarnis, the stimulating restorative tonic wine. This quick-action tonic puts iron, beef and malt extracts and vitamins into your system, and it only costs 6/6 and 3/9 a bottle. See page 27.

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades, also Tokalon Skinfood Creams. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 222N), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners—everyone is praising the Improved Pallant Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light yet immensely strong; no understraps, and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that wearers can forget that they are ruptured.—Write or call, Blunden's, Dept. 129G, 9, Oxford St., W.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

PRINTING.—Magazines, Catalogues, Booklets, Folders, Posters, Handbills, Commercial Stationery. Lowest Prices. Estimates Free.—MEADLION WORKS, SANDY, BEDS.

PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads from 3/9; Memos, Cards, near pre-war prices. Samples free.—CRETEWAY PRESS, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

EGGS ARE SCARCE AND DEAR! In these times everyone should ensure for themselves and their families the vital nutrition provided by eggs. Keep your own fowls. "The Feathered World," on sale every Friday, gives you practical, helpful advice that will enable you to get full egg-baskets economically. Even if you are a small "back-yard" poultry keeper, don't miss the advice of "Feathered World"—out every Friday, twopence.

FREE ADVICE ON HOME POULTRY KEEPING.—Eggs are going to be dearer, and everyone should take steps to ensure an adequate supply of eggs—vital food for all the family. Learn how you can secure full egg baskets economically. Apply at once for FREE BROCHURE to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, who will also send you full details of a remarkable money-saving scheme. Send a postcard at once to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic (Dept. J.14), 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Pref.)

GARDENING.

FOOD from the Garden isn't rationed—grow your own Vegetables. Catalogue and Cultural Guide of Vegetable, and Flower Seeds free.—Dobbie and Co., Ltd., Seedsmen, Dept. J.B., Edinburgh, 7.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DO YOU WANT to play the Piano in three months? If so, write and ask how, to Kavarskribo (Camly, Ltd.), 1, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C.4. (Dept. AB3). See page 3.

WHICHEVER way you wash, boil, soak or non-boil, New Persil will give excellent results. Try your weekly whites, fragile colours, lamb-like woollens with New Persil and see its wonderful whiteness. See page 6.

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS.
Pre-War prices, 56/9 profit on 5/3 board at 2d. per punch. Smpl. 300-hole board 3/9 & illus. cat.—BURDON HUNTER, 26, Woodville Road, London, E.11.

NOTE to Employers and Employees! Has a National Savings Group been formed in your office, works or shop? If not, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the National Savings Committee, London, S.W.1.

FOR a good toothbrush, buy a Halex. You can get three shapes at 1/- and others from 6d. to 2/-, and you get them in the "streamline" care. See page 31.

IF you want to wash those greasy dishes quickly, just a handful of Sylvan Flakes in the water gives you a wealth of soft, luxurious suds. Out come the plates and dishes lustrous and gleaming. The giant packet of Sylvan Flakes costs only 1/-, other sizes 6d. and 3½d.

AN important announcement to all who know any member of the Fighting Forces or Merchant Service at home or abroad. For the duration of the war an offer is made by the makers of Calvert's Tooth Powder, the details of which appear in the announcement on page 36. Read these carefully. The instructions are simple; cut them out for future reference.

DUTY-FREE Cigarettes and Tobacco for H.M. Forces in France! Send him a "Ten Bob" Parcel of Standard Brands—Wills' Gold Flake, Player's, Capstan, Woodbines or Player's Weights. For Tobaccos, too, include St. Bruno, Waverley, Player's Navy Cut or Wills' Cut Golden Bar. OR a parcel of both cigarettes and tobacco. Parcels can be sent through all high-class tobacconists, or for further particulars relating to full list of brands and prices write to British-American Tobacco, Ltd., Field Force Dept., Dean Stanley Street, London, S.W.1. Remittance in full must accompany all orders.

IF you have never tried Shavex, do so at once. It is the no-soap, no-brush method of shaving. Popular with the British Forces, you will find that you can shave in a quarter of the time it takes with soap and brush, and your skin will feel fresh as a daisy. Smear Shavex over the face when you have shaved and your skin will keep young, fresh and free from blemishes. Shavex is used all over the world. Beware of imitations—there is nothing like Shavex at 6d., 1/- and 1/6 tubes and 1/6 pots.

Both carefully washed . . . but

NEW PERSIL IS PERFECT FOR WOOLLENS

This new Persil is *good*, and no mistake! Women are now washing their dainty silks, bright coloureds, and fluffy, fragile woollies without a moment's worry. *So* quickly and easily does new Persil wash these precious clothes that *everyone* is "popping them in Persil"!

You don't mix Persil now; its richer, busier lather is a joy to work with; and there's no clinging greyness to stick to the clothes when you draw them out. You'll find the new Persil is gentle as ever, too. The famous oxygen suds tenderly coax the dirt away from the fabric till there just isn't any more to coax. So be kind to your woollen jumpers, your gay frocks, and those silk undies—don't spoil them by harsh washing! Wash them always in new Persil—like everyone else is doing. *And here's a friendly offer to end up with: if you have any washing problems please write to Mrs. Holiday, Persil Washing Bureau, Warrington. She's an expert in every branch of washing and ironing, and she wants to help you!*

3 big extra advantages

NO MIXING—*easier wash*
Just shake new Persil on the water, swish it up with your hand—and there you are. Such a lovely, deep lather—and so little trouble.

EXTRA LATHER—*for fine wash*
A lather so fine that it works its way through every stitch, gently, thoroughly. And with a squeeze or two all the dirt comes sliding out.

PREVENTS SCUM—*quicker rinsing*
No trouble with scum now—not even in hard water. No clinging greyness to ruin rinsing. That means perfect *Persil* whiteness!

PER 767-80

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 24, 1940. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

THE "WINSTON TOUCH" AGAIN!

BRITAIN will stand no nonsense—from Nazis or neutrals.

That was the keynote of crisp orders rasped by Churchill as, shirt-sleeved despite the weather, he paced the Operations Room of the Admiralty during the *Altmark* chase.

It has been the key to events in many capitals since that thrilling episode brightened the pages of our Sunday papers and added a new lustre to naval traditions.

Last September Britain decided to fight. Last week-end Britain resolved that it must be a fight without any more pulled punches.

Swift Agreement

Churchill's determination to save the Hell Ship's prisoners had the full support of the War Cabinet.

It took only a few minutes to agree on a policy that will affect the future conduct of the war.

Halifax was Blunt

The Norwegian Minister in London hurried to the Foreign Office. Lord Halifax was awaiting him. "A friendly exchange of views" took place.

But the discussion, though friendly, was frank.

Lord Halifax, as calm and courteous as ever, presented the British case in plain English instead of wrapping it in diplomatic wool. Norway's "strong protest" was countered by a far stronger British protest.

Result of Government's near-defeat on agriculture has led Sir Samuel Hoare to start a quick examination of the entire farm policy. Big new decisions are being predicted in Whitehall.

* * *

Diplomats Hustle

Soon the ocean cables were as busy with coded messages as was the Admiralty radio; neutral diplomats were as excited as the Nazi cut-throats who fled before the British cutlasses.

News reached Chancelleries the world over with a speed that shows diplomats to be better hustlers than American newshawks.

Here's the Kernel

Ever since, Governments have been in conference with a single item on the agenda:

Can we afford to risk British action by turning a blind eye to Nazi violation of international law and the common decencies?

Hands Off!

It would also be blind to ignore the fact that they are aghast. They deserve some sympathy in their fear of provoking the Nazis to fresh infamies.

But, more significant than their hesitations, is their peoples' anger at the torpedoing of their merchantmen and the drowning of their sailors, their delight that the *Altmark* buccaneer has been robbed of his prey.

Goering lined his own pockets when confiscating the Thyssen millions, keeping the magnate's bank holdings and handing over only iron and steel interests to the State. Other Party leaders are now demanding a rake-off.

* * *

The smile of Achievement!

And Whitehall believes that it will no longer be reckoned "safer to twist the lion's tail than risk a swoop by the German eagle."

Foreign Ministers Confer

Behind the scenes Foreign Ministers are discussing plans for a common policy that will avoid any repetition of last week's sensation.

Nazi evasion of international law will no longer pass unheeded; there will be strict search of Nazi fighting ships which put into neutral harbours.

At the same time, grumbling against British control of shipping will probably increase in an effort to appease Berlin. There will be further angry Notes from Norway.

Another Hitler "secret weapon" is a long-range flame-thrower for use by tanks. Allies have detailed plans to deal with this "surprise."

* * *

"Pirates and Scum"

But even Norway should find a sardonic hypocrisy in the German railing against "Churchill's scum, pirates and cheats."

Such pleasantries come grimly from men who have sunk unarmed vessels and shot at their drowning crews, tortured the living and massacred tens of thousands of Poles.

They will cut no ice even in Josing fiord.

No More Humbug

In short, Churchill's orders were both humanitarian and expedient.

When the *Cossack* slithered into Josing fiord and grappled with the Hell Ship, when her boarding party disdained Nazi bullets and broke the chains that had kept hundreds of British seamen in filthy captivity, a story was fashioned that will be as long and proudly remembered as the epics of Drake and Collingwood, Nelson and Hood.

It was a small encounter, but a significant one

It showed that Britain will no longer tolerate humbug that hinders our rightful interests.

Bank Dictators

Warn the banks, too. They will invite nationalisation unless they minister to the nation's needs.

Real reason for thousands of German troops being sent to Soviet Poland and into Russia itself is because Soviet workers have sabotaged goods trains bound for Germany. Whole line from Odessa to Lwow is now guarded by Nazi soldiers.

* * *

A farmer reader has given his bank securities worth £5,000 to cover his overdraft, which at present amounts to £580. Yet two cheques, amounting to £200, have been returned. They will not be honoured unless he deposits a further substantial credit.

Change of Heart

For a change, give credit to Sir R. Dorman-Smith, Minister of Agriculture. He plans a reform long urged by JOHN BULL—*a minimum wage of £2 a week for all farm workers.*

Minimum scales vary at present from county to county. Average is about 38s. a week.

Labour's demand for a national minimum wage was rejected only last July. So the war has at least produced one good change of heart.

(Continued overleaf)

"WE CANNOT MAKE WAR SAFE FOR CIVILIANS."
—Sir John Anderson.

£200 AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FREE FOR EVERY READER *See page 35*

Continued from—

★ Setting War Effort Pace
★ Pictures Terrifying Nazis
★ Chain Letter Tomfoolery
★ Poles Expose Barbarians

Cardiff's war effort sets the pace for every city and town in the country.

Grey-haired, ex-deputy Lord Mayor Capt. H. T. Evans is raising a band of 300 pioneers to build roads and bridges in France. The city, which has already "adopted" ten mine-sweepers, will keep the men in "smokes" and comforts.

Such news should make Lord Haw-Haw's face as black as the Welsh coal his overlords so dearly covet.

"Oppressed Celts"

Confirmation has been received of their plans to exploit Wales when Britain has been made a Nazi dependency.

This forlorn hope is being pursued with Teutonic thoroughness; "prospective gauleiters" of Wales have been in a training school for nine months, learning every detail of Welsh industry.

R.A.F. photographs of Nazi defences revealed weaknesses and are worrying Berlin. Big rewards are offered to gunners or airmen bringing down Allied aircraft.

* * *

Would "oppressed Celts" welcome Nazi rule with less reluctance than the other "victims of British tyranny"?

Most astonishing evidence of that reluctance is that Fiji lepers have returned, for Red Cross use, half of a £200 gift from New Zealand.

Impudent Twisters

More to the liking of Nazi propagandists is the shameful exploitation of the war by a few rascals in our midst.

Hire-purchase twisters are resuming their tricks. Refusing to accept reasonably reduced payments, they threaten to seize the goods of war-hit citizens.

It cannot be stressed too often that any judge would give them a short shrift.

No man need be intimidated by their impudent bluff.

Her Fickle Fortune

Once again, also, war is encouraging the chain-letter idiots.

Some assert that a certain Mrs. Ambrose received £4,600 from an unspecified source for obeying the chain-letter instructions. Others allege darkly that she lost that amount by not passing on the letter.

Mrs. Ambrose's fickle fortune is evidently as shadowy as her address, but there's material evidence that chain-letters make good fire-lighters.

Out of Step, Mister!

Mr. Ernest Brown and his minions are out of step. Following the Minister's broadcast, a reader went to the employment exchange to register for a key shipyard trade in which he had served full apprenticeship and several years as a journeyman.

Further trouble anticipated in Czechoslovakia. First-line Nazi troops have been sent to encircle Prague. Czech leaders are threatened with public massacres at first sign of organised unrest.

* * *

Imagine his surprise when the manager said a telegram had just been received to stop all such registrations!

Mr. Brown will surely raise his big voice to prevent further sideslips by his officials.

Bureaucracy Again

Probability is that railway fares will be increased for passengers as well as freights.

A clause in the new agreement between the companies and the Government allows scales to be raised by permission of the Minister of Transport, instead of an independent tribunal presided over by a High Court judge.

Bureaucracy thus overturns another public safeguard.

As costs have already increased since the agreement was signed, be sure that the public will be made to bear them.

A Ruling Needed

Public assistance committees are accused of profiteering. Many deduct a soldier son's allotment of 7s. a week or more from the relief granted to his mother.

Many men, resentful at this injustice, stop their allotment.

Other committees, more humane, take no notice of such allotments when assessing parents' needs.

There is confusion and doubt all over the country.

Yet the whole position could be simplified if the Minister of Health gave a clear ruling to public assistance committees on the treatment of soldiers' contributions when parents' needs are assessed.

Germany is reorganising Russian shipping because rail transport is unable to carry out provisions of the new trade agreement.

* * *

It should be forthcoming at once.

The Shocking Record

The Polish Government will soon publish its official record of Nazi atrocities. Details will shock even a world that has come to consider German oppression and barbarity as everyday news.

To your newspaper accounts of mass executions this official document will add that market squares have been suddenly closed by Nazi troops, and all the women shoppers trapped within have been forced to witness the slaughter of their men.

Towns' doctors and lawyers have been made to dig graves and bury the victims with their bare hands.

"Race Purification"

In one town alone, 6,000 men and women were massacred, so that the streets ran with blood, and among the victims were 136 college lads of thirteen to sixteen years of age.

Lack of sanitary arrangements in the prisons causes conditions so filthy that a full description cannot be printed.

Nothing perpetrated by German troops in Belgium during the last war is comparable to Hitler's methods of "race purification."

Gallant Finns

Indiscriminate Soviet bombing in Finland, growing on the ruthlessness born of desperation, would appal even our spouting Communists were they not blinded by prejudice.

Their claim that ordinary Finns are eager for Russian rule hardly corroborates a letter we have seen from a British doctor in the fighting area.

He tells of light casualties refusing to remain in hospital and escaping *back* to the front line at the first chance, of other wounded men who reject his advice to leave the line for their wounds to be dressed.

Goering's Big Fear

War in Finland would end if Goering and his military friends had their way. They are eager to prevent further exposure of Soviet inefficiency and to secure Russian supplies for Germany.

Ribbentrop and his extremists press instead for a joint Nazi-Soviet campaign against all Scandinavia.

Wavering between the two, Hitler has not yet given his decision, agreeing only with Stalin that the Finnish war must be ended by Easter.

This may indicate that he will not launch his anti-Allied offensive before then.

—preceding page

Peace Conference Plan

Now look still further into the future.

That distinguished Frenchman in London, Professor Saurat, suggests that the real Peace Conference should not be held for three or four years after the Allies have won the war.

Modern variant of famous Duke of York story. Seven hundred young men called up, sent from Glasgow, Manchester and elsewhere to Chatham, there to be informed that they weren't wanted yet and sent back home with their fares paid and a fortnight's pay. Save for Victory!

* * *

During that time, we should keep large military forces in Germany. This would prevent a recurrence of Hitler's boast that Germany was "not beaten in the last war, only betrayed."

She would attend the Peace Conference on terms of equality.

Professor Saurat also urges international control of weapons and aircraft, an end to private trading in anything that might be used for war.

With that view, no one will quarrel.

KEM'S CARTOON

"THE INNOCENT ABROAD."

Peace will come again to humanity only when all the mighty forces, now ranged against Hitlerism in theory, league against this evil despotism in self-preservation

MANKIND'S longing for peace is so intense that millions of ordinary men and women, swept unwillingly into the dark tide of war, clutch at every straw of hope that swirls by them on these bitter waters.

The smaller countries of Europe, which have to foot a part of the total cost of war and endure, unjustly, part of its insane destruction, crave peace as drowning men gasp for air.

The United States, greatest of the neutrals, though separated from the theatre of war by three thousand miles of ocean, grows daily more uneasy on her own account and more anxious for the success of the Old World's democracies.

BRITAIN AND FRANCE EARNESTLY DESIRE PEACE, TOO, BUT ONLY IF IT BE JUST AND LASTING. THEY ARE NOT BLIND TO THE HAVOC GROWING AND SPREADING WITH EACH DAY OF CONFLICT, BUT THEY CANNOT LAY DOWN THEIR ARMS UNTIL THE DESTROYERS HAVE BEEN DESTROYED.

BUT in Germany—and perhaps in Germany alone—millions are still resolved to wage total war against all resisting them.

The lust of conquest is in their hearts and the vilest pride of race deceives their minds.

While this mass of stubborn and stupid "cannon fodder" still marches under the Swastika the curse of war will not be lifted.

PEACE WILL COME WHEN HITLER'S DUPES REALISE AT LAST—OR ARE FORCED TO REALISE—THAT THEIR FUEHRER IS A FALSE PROPHET AND THAT HIS GOSPEL OF FORCE IS A DAMNABLE AND RUINOUS HERESY.

It may be that there is little to choose between the treachery of Hitler and the perfidy of Stalin. It may be that the invasion of Finland by the Bolsheviks is a crime as infamous as any that the Nazis have committed.

Yet Germany remains the world's real enemy.

There is no comparison between young men of the Reich, bred and trained to ruthlessness, and the scarcely literate hordes who are driven blindly to slaughter in "the Red Tsar's" war.

Hitler's Germany is ruled by cunning and desperate gangsters.

They have established a monstrous system of corruption, espionage and tyranny.

But they could not hold a hundred million people in thrall if they had not trained a host of young ruffians and "gunmen" to obey their orders and to share in their "racket."

PEACE WILL COME WHEN HITLER'S "GUNMEN" ARE DISARMED AND WHEN THE ORDINARY, HOME-LOVING, DECENT, BUT RATHER STUPID, PEOPLE OF GERMANY, WHOM WE PITY AND DO NOT HATE, REFUSE ALL FURTHER TRIBUTE TO THE NAZI RACKETEERS.

THIS war is not popular with the majority of the German people, but it is still popular with almost all the Nazi bosses, great and small, who enjoy power and privilege under Hitler, and love to crack whips over their fellow citizens.

General Goering is not the only German who "likes war" and has always meant "to give Europe a taste of it."

Every scoundrel holding office in the Gestapo, every gauleiter and "Party leader," every little "tough" in military or civilian authority, sees the chance of promotion and loot while the system that raised him from obscurity still endures.

And behind these grafters march millions of honest yet dangerous simpletons.

THEY THINK THEY ARE FIGHTING FOR THEIR FATHERLAND.

THEY ARE READY TO DIE FOR IT. THEY HAVE BEEN DRILLED AND CONDITIONED FROM THEIR SCHOOLDAYS INTO UNQUESTIONING OBEDIENCE.

There is no body of young people here or in France at all comparable to these young Nazis. *Our* youngsters are free to think for themselves; read for themselves; discuss among themselves.

Even here, in the British Isles, we have conscription, but we respect the conscientious objector. We do not *force* every able-bodied man of military age to bear arms; we bank on our people's will to resist oppression and defy the despot.

And, in a free country, with a free vote, with free speech and a free Press, we *know* that we can successfully compete with all the dragooned might of totalitarian Germany.

Without Fear or Favour
By the EDITOR

In the last war it took not months but years for the neutral world to declare the sympathies that it had held from the outset.

In this war, Mr. Churchill, adventuring a statement of the neutral position that provoked a storm of protest, reminded all the small countries that their fate and fortune is bound up with our own.

Each one of them was counting on its neighbours to supply the Nazi crocodile's last meal.

Perhaps Winston Churchill was not tactful, but he was dead right. All Germany's neighbours are spending hundreds of millions to strengthen their defences against the only possible danger—invasion by the Nazis.

Scandinavia, driven at last to open protest by the calculated, deliberate, cold-blooded murder of its merchant seamen on "their lawful occasions," now faces the horrid fact that submission to the Nazis is no less perilous and destructive than opposition to them.

THE NETHERLANDS, ARMED TO THE TEETH AT RUINOUS COST, DO NOT FEAR THE ALLIES, BUT ONLY GERMANY. SWITZERLAND CAN AFFORD TO BE DEFENCELESS IN THE WEST, BUT FORTIFIES HER EASTERN FRONTIERS TO THE UTMOST OF HER STRENGTH.

And the Balkans, for all their internecine jealousy, foresee danger only from the Swastika or the Hammer and Sickle—or from both.

Peace will come, as it did in the last war, when the outraged patience of the neutral countries has reached its limit and, at long last, they declare themselves upon the side of international law and international justice.

Not once but several times in recent weeks we have reminded our readers that Germany has no dependable friend in all the world.

SHE HAS RENEWED AND EXTENDED HER PRECIOUS PACTS WITH RUSSIA, BUT THESE BARGAINS CANNOT BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY BECAUSE RUSSIA HAS LITTLE EXPORTABLE SURPLUS OF ANY WAR MATERIAL IN NORMAL TIMES.

MEN AND WOMEN IN MOSCOW ARE QUEUEING UP FOR BREAD AS IT IS, AND THE EXIGENCIES OF THE FINNISH WAR ARE ALREADY STRAINING THE RESOURCES OF THE SOVIET TO THE UTMOST.

We do not only believe—we assert—that Nazi Germany cannot count on Russia to supply her needs for a long war.

IT was significant that, when a Nazi bomber was recently captured intact, Allied engineers discovered that its oil supplies had been in use for a hundred hours or more!

Aviation experts believe that Hitler's entire air force is handicapped by a shortage of high-grade oils and high-grade petrol. They are satisfied that, however much Germany may have stored, she cannot now replace war's wastage by imports from any other country.

The Allies have strangled her sea-borne trade, and, if the whole of Rumania's surplus oil production were available for Germany (which it is clearly not), it would not suffice to bridge the terrible gap between available supplies and actual war consumption.

AND WE SAY THAT PEACE WILL COME WHEN THE GERMAN ARMY, MECHANISED TO THE LAST DEGREE AND ITS PIRATE FLEET, NO LESS DEPENDENT UPON OIL THAN THE ARMY ITSELF, AND ITS SWARMS OF SKY ASSASSINS, REALISE SUDDENLY THAT FUEL SUPPLIES ARE GIVING OUT AND THAT THE BLOCKADE MAY STARVE THE GERMAN WAR MACHINE LONG BEFORE IT STARVES THE GERMAN PEOPLE.

WE cannot tell you exactly when peace will come, but we know that it will *not* come as the result of wishful thinking.

We know that every resource of the British and French Empires must be held available for this titanic struggle.

We know that we may have to endure sterner sacrifice and severer trials than any of us have ever known before.

But we also know that Nazi Germany has now thrown out its challenge to the entire civilised world and that, sooner or later, the civilised world is bound to take it up.

PEACE WILL COME TO HUMANITY WHEN ALL THE MIGHTY FORCES, NOW RANGED AGAINST HITLERISM IN THEORY, LEAGUE AGAINST THIS EVIL DESPOTISM IN SHEER SELF-PRESERVATION.

FOOD PRICES—the Truth!

"John Bull" told you last week the truth about War graft. To-day we investigate fully and frankly another great problem of the home front.

Food prices have been the subject of much misleading comment in Parliament and the Press.

Our Investigator's findings, we hope, will serve to switch Whitehall's attention from pretty paper schemes to the realities of the people's shopp ng baskets.

WE have a letter in this office from a South Wales woman.

She is most argumentative.

She refuses to accept the Ministry of Labour figures which say that a pre-war pound's worth of groceries now cost £1 3s. 3d.

"They cost far more," she argues.

She quarrels as violently with the argument of that fine Labour woman and social worker, Mary Sutherland, that the ten shillings of the old-age pensioner will now buy only 8s. 11d. worth of goods.

"It won't buy anything like that amount," is her answer.

Really, she is a most difficult woman! **She even finds fault with the recent investigation into the British Medical Association's Minimum Diet for a Family of Five, an enquiry which was conducted in a hundred districts.**

The result, as announced, states that whereas in July, 1933, the British Medical Association gave the cost of that diet as 22s. 6½d. per week, the cost of the same foodstuffs is now given as £1 9s. 9d. to £2 0s. 9½d., according to district.

She ran her eye down the list of prices quoted "Bacon at 1s. 10d. a pound," she said. "Tea at 3s. Jam at 10½d. Butter at 1s. 7d. If people can afford those luxuries the figures are probably correct. But if not——"

Well, she has got to live on something. What **does** she eat?

EVERY week since her husband first tasted unemployment, twelve years ago, she has bought a bacon hock. Bigger joints often go under the name of hock in some London shops. Her hocks cost her 2d. each.

To-day, with most of the people in the Merthyr Tydfil district unable to afford best back of bacon at 2s. 2d. a pound, such hocks are in demand. If she can get her 2d. worth for 10d., she is lucky.

Now the first thing you do with a hock is to boil it. The resultant stock, with haricot beans added, made two mid-day meals for the family.

Sometimes a handful of mixed vegetables was added instead of the haricots.

As if it isn't enough that the hock should have gone up five times in price, her haricots cost her 5d. a pound as against 2d., even when they are procurable.

And should they be unobtainable, well, the handful of mixed vegetables that cost her 1d. now cost her 3d.

It would be idle to pretend that she gave her family nothing else but the four or five dishes that can be made from this combination.

She knows the value of bone soup. And 1d. bought a lot of bones.

To-day, with bones so necessary to the doping of aeroplane wings, they are often unprocurable.

Then ask her husband about her fish cakes, fish pies and other fish dishes—the basis of which was always a large tin of pink salmon at 5d.

The same salmon is 9½d. a tin now.

And the tinned pineapple for which she had such a variety of uses—one of the cheapest cube-cut brands—has gone up from 3d. to 5½d. per tin.

Her dried peas have gone up from 2½d. a pound to 5d. for a packet of 14 ounces.

Her butter beans, with which she used to do a number of culinary tricks, have risen from 3½d. to 7d. a pound—9d. in some shops!

"In short," she says, "food prices, so far as I am concerned, have gone up by **at least half**, an increase of nearly four times as much as the Ministry of Labour admits.

"And when people wave their proofs under my nose I reply that my grocery bills are my proof."

Now the Ministry of Labour is very proud of its cost of living index figures. They are based on the actual purchases made by a large number of families over every part of the country.

They are honest figures. No effort has ever been made to cook them in any way.

BUT, IN OUR OPINION, THE TIME HAS COME TO ASK WHETHER THOSE FIGURES ARE NOT GIVING A VERY HARD DEAL TO SOME MILLIONS OF MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY

TO begin, the South Wales woman whose budget we have quoted is typical of millions of workers' wives.

The fifty millions a year that is being spent on pegging down the cost of "essential" foodstuffs helps them very little.

When the cheapest cuts of bacon disappeared, so did their chances of serving bacon with breakfast.

Some have to buy fast-soaring, uncontrolled foods for the simple reason that they still happen to be cheaper than the controlled.

The others have to buy uncontrolled foods, too.

When a burly tin-plate worker and his collier sons are allowed an infinitesimal part of the rations permitted to A.T.S. girls clicking typewriters in offices, they have to be filled up with cheese, beans, rice, dried peas and lentils, hocks, offals, cheapest tinned salmon, fruit, and other foods which, controlled or not, have gone up by far more than the amount admitted by the official food economists.

Control is essential if food prices are not going to go racing upwards, leaving the average housewife in despair

And even they are luckier than the 275,000 old folk who, unable to live on their old-age pensions, have been going to the P.A.C.

They are luckier than hundreds of thousands of other old-age pensioners with their two-pennyworth-of-bits budgets; luckier than the many people with large families and small wages to whom the food budget sent by our South Wales reader would represent sheer luxury.

The poor man's counter has disappeared from the butchers' and grocers' shops in these days when every article of food is in demand at a good price.

But what about the millions of people who can afford to take their choice of all the foodstuffs on which the cost-of-living index figures are based?

Few of them are finding that their money goes as far in food purchases as the Ministry of Labour suggests it should.

The other day a Bromley reader found a grocer's bill dated September 1, 1938, and decided—as a test—to order the same goods again.

This table shows how the prices compared:

	Sept. 1, 1938.	Feb. 15, 1940.
Butter	1/1d.	1/7d.
Marmalade ..	1/0d.	1/4d.
Sugar	2½d.	4½d.
Syrup	8½d.	1/0d.
Cheese	8d.	1/0d.
Tinned Peas ..	3d.	4½d.
Pink Salmon..	3½d.	5d.
Porridge	7½d.	10d.
Bacon	1/6d.	2/2d.
Tinned Tomatoes	4d.	6½d.
	6/8d.	9/7½d.

At that rate she was spending £1 8s. 10½d. to buy a pound's worth of groceries at pre-war values.

NEXT she dealt with an old butcher's bill. Her pre-war pound's worth of meat—which included sausages, bones, mince, etc.—now costs 27s. 3d.

And the Ministry of Labour says that £1 3s. 3d. will now buy the foodstuffs that cost £1 in September last.

We ourselves invited thirty different housewives to find complete household budgets for a week in August last and ascertain what the costs would be for the same food commodities to-day.

In one case—the test was in one of the best parts of Ealing—a pound's worth of food had soared to £1 11s. 1d.

In another—Camberwell—the rise was from £1 to £1 4s. 11d.

The average was £1 7s. 2d.—which is far more than the £1 3s. 3d. put out officially.

Control is essential if food prices are not going to race upwards, dragging us into an upward spiral that could end in national bankruptcy.

But it must not be a control so expensive that in itself it puts up prices.

And above all, it must not be a control which, while protecting so-called "essentials" which not everybody can afford or secure, allows real essentials and substitutes to go sky-rocketing.

"Everything is at Stake"

LET'S get this clear, and then whatever follows will not astound us or our hearts dismay, let's face the fact that Life is never easy unless we shirk it down the Coward's Way, where we can buy a privilege for Honour, where we can curry favour at its price, in fact, where we can do the Mean thing Meanly and cheat when it's our turn to throw Life's Dice.

LET'S get this clear, that Life is not all drama, it's comedy, and happiness, and fun, but when a first-class Tragedy confronts us we must face it and Play On until it's done. And that's why, when all our Living Standards, measured by Decency and God's Recorded Laws, stand in peril of annihilation we must protect them, and till they are protected NEVER PAUSE.

LET'S get this clear, that God Who Touched with laughter the heart of man and made him Glad to Live, Who Touched man's soul with mercy and rare pity, so that he would so much in Life forgive; Who Watched His Son Die on a Cross in Anguish to show that Sacrifice is not in vain, will, on this Testing Cross before us, Lift up our Souls above War's shattering pain.

LET'S get this clear, for there is nothing clearer, that everything God stands for is at Stake, and, therefore, if we value His Creation we'll value Nothing Less for our Life's Sake. We'll give all we have got nor will we falter, because that last ounce is the one that counts, it is when Faith outstrips our great endurance, that our Soul the extra bit of hardship mounts.

[J. M.]

Open Letters

TOMMY FARR,
Boxer

DEAR TOMMY,—Now that you've accepted an offer to fight Joe Louis for the world's heavyweight championship, no doubt you'll overcome your disappointment at being discharged from the R.A.F. for eye and ear trouble.

I think the doctors were right, although I marvel that consumptives and one-eyed men have been put into khaki and cannot get out of it.

Obviously you couldn't have become a gunner. You wear glasses in private life, even though you are too shy to do so in the street.

And, as you explain, your temperament wouldn't allow you to become a physical training instructor.

But I trust that your "sentimental" temperament and other disabilities will not prevent your knocking Louis all over the ring.

GEORGE BENNETT,
Borth, near Aberystwyth

SIR,—The plea of "devotion to animals" makes your diabolical cruelty the more repugnant.

Perhaps it was the further plea of poor health that saved you from jail for burning a cat alive in the furnace of your hotel.

Certainly the fine of £25 imposed by the Bench is no measure of the horror and disgust with which other people regard you.

Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.,
First Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR SIR,—Your appeal for 10,000 fishermen will be answered as readily as the call to man the lifeboat when a vessel is in peril.

By serving in minesweepers and patrol boats, men of our fishing fleets have already enabled us to survive Nazi storms that might have crippled our blockade and sunk our food ships.

They've done their job without recognition, have scorned danger and treated gallantry as a part of their duty.

By maintaining those unwritten rules, the new contingent will play as great a part in your task of maintaining the real Freedom of the Seas.

Rt. Hon. MALCOLM MACDONALD, M.P.,
Colonial Secretary

DEAR SIR,—M.P.s have not bothered you with many posers lately. Therefore permit me to ask a few.

Is it true that five Spaniards who fled to Gibraltar to avoid being shot were imprisoned by the British authorities, then taken back and sent over the border?

Did one of them plead with our police to kill him rather than send him back to Spain?

Why are such victims of political tyranny not allowed the right to live that we grant to refugees from other dictator States?

The CORPORATION,
Blackpool

GENTLEMEN,—It's no consolation for mothers that babies' gas masks, supplied to your town a month ago, have not yet been distributed.

Worried parents are told that Home Office sanction must be obtained. What flapdoodle, seeing that lucky districts distributed their supplies months ago!

If the excuse is true, raise a row in Whitehall, threaten to resign, remind the Home Secretary that the Cabinet itself warns us to prepare for large-scale aerial warfare in the near future.

Get busy.

The FIREMASTER,
Perth Fire Brigade

DEAR SIR,—It's a puzzling war.

Writing to an Abernethy volunteer in April, 1939, you thanked him for enrolling in the Auxiliary Fire Service, and promised to notify him when he could begin training. He's still waiting.

Your eager recruits are getting restive.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—More than ever before there is need for ending the unjust, senseless and costly rates muddle.

Evacuation has whittled down business in some districts and caused the already high cost of local services to be shared among residents remaining. They'll be ruined unless their rates are cut.

Sudden prosperity has brought no addition to the rates in other districts.

Only revision of the whole system can prevent poor towns from being burdened by exorbitant rates and rich towns from growing richer because of too-low assessments.

You'd improve the country's financial position by a bold measure of rates equalisation.

The GENERAL MANAGER,
L.M.S. Railway

DEAR SIR,—Now that you are assured of generous war profits, I expect you to be more eager to give a Square Deal to your poorer workers. Even recent pay increases leave several grades with tightened belts.

I call on you to show greater consideration to your tenant-employees.

One complains that he has not had his house painted for seventeen years, has been trying for thirteen years to get gas installed. When his wells run dry, his nearest water supplies are a tap labelled, "Danger—Typhoid," another condemned because of a near-by cesspool, or a canal outside the house.

It isn't only on a few crack expresses that a railway must be judged.

The URBAN COUNCIL,
Spennymoor, Co. Durham

GENTLEMEN,—Forgive me for disturbing your placid slumbers, but I really must remind you that more than twenty Tudhoe villagers, most of them unemployed, asked you five months ago to convert a field into allotments.

They have not yet received a decision.

Let me remind you that the "Grow More Food" appeal was designed to meet the needs of this war, not of some Utopian peace of the future.

Alderman A. A. FENINGTON,
Bristol

STAID SIR,—It must chafe your soul to see young women evacuees from London smoking in Bristol streets. And if the Sunday opening of cinemas converts your city into a new Gomorrah I'll back your efforts for a return to Puritanism.

But I'm glad the city council is willing to take the risk. I doubt whether you really spoke for most Bristol people in opposing Sunday opening. I marvel that you trotted out the whiskery warning against "a Continental Sunday."

When peace comes again, why not take a trip to the Continent to see what Sunday is really like over there?

You'd be pleasantly surprised.

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P.,
Secretary for Air

DEAR SIR,—You speak wisely in declaring that the war is being fought on drawing-boards as well as in the air. How wisely, our enemies will learn in due course.

My regret is that the public cannot be told of the designs for super-excellent aircraft that are now passing from drawing-board to factory.

Goering's new machines will find that British remains Best.

The CORPORATION,
Abingdon

GENTLEMEN,—Alice found nothing so crazy in Wonderland as the nine days' wonder in your town. Two families must pull down their new houses because, unknown to them, the property had been built over your water main

"A hard case," says Mr. Justice Simonds.

I could describe it in harder terms.

You could not have been unaware that the houses were being built.

Why allow the builder to go ahead?

It's up to you, Mr. Brown!

Minister Must End Unemployment in the Building Trade

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—How brave of your little mouse to try to shift a mountain! How welcome is the news that the position of the building industry is to be considered by one of your sub-committees!

But the problem is so vast, so urgent, that it deserves your personal attention.

Nearly a quarter of all the insured workers in Britain depend for their living on the industry. Builders can take a vital share in our war effort.

Yet, as the President of the Architectural Association emphasises, the industry is being disorganised rather than reorganised for war service.

He predicts that peace will bring a scramble for materials, the sudden appearance of mushroom firms, over-production, and then—slump.

The Building Industries National Council estimates that work to the value of at least £200,000,000 has been cancelled through official restrictions.

Another expert complains that building plans for the Services are being unequally distributed. A new firm with a capital of only £1,000 has been given contracts worth hundreds of thousands.

Thousands of builders are on the "dole" instead of being busier than ever.

You are not to blame for all this. There is not a single Minister before whom the builders can lay their full case.

But you are responsible for employment. You can persuade other responsible Ministers to call in the builders' leaders for urgently necessary discussions.

Let us have a complete plan to end unemployment in the industry, to use available skill and materials to the utmost during the war, and to prepare for the public and private work that must be put in hand when peace is restored.

Take the lead in this, and you'll amply merit your title of Minister of Labour and National Service.

Yours faithfully

97 Crimes out of 100 Black out Crimes Unsolved

Britain's Most Amazing Crook

When darkness falls on London, the "Chief" gets busy.

THE sound of glass shattering reverberates among the darkened buildings. There is the scuffle of boots on the pavement. A car engine races and from a little way off a police whistle shrills.

The urgent patter of running feet draws nearer.

And over it all the moonless, starless night holds a cloak. "Black-out" drama with no witnesses . . .

The "Chief" has struck again!

Jewels worth £250,000 have been stolen in smash-and-grab raids in the "black-out." Many more thousands of pounds' worth of furs, tobacco and food have also vanished.

And the lion's share has gone to the "Chief," most daring "black-out" thief in the country.

With the odds weighted against them as never before, the police have been outwitted in ninety-seven out of every hundred raids.

IN only 3 per cent. of the crimes after dark have they been able to catch the culprits.

They know the "Chief" well.

They know that he is the brains behind many of these thefts, but he is a past-master at the art of obliterating his trail.

He has been "pulled in" for identification three or four times.

He faces the ordeal with a smile, as unruffled as his neatly brushed fair hair, and always he walks out of the police station with that smile a shade wider, the confident swagger of his broad shoulders a shade more pronounced.

The police must not be blamed unduly for having effected so few captures.

Identification in the "black-out" is almost an impossibility.

Even on the rare occasions when there have been witnesses of one of these raids, they have been able to see only silhouette figures.

BIG and powerfully built, the smiling "Chief" has the reputation of being one of the underworld's nattiest dressers. His perfectly cut clothes are the envy of every member of his gang, and he looks more like a successful pugilist than a crook.

The nearest approach we have in this country to the American gang chief, he rules his mob of thirty smart and desperate crooks like a tyrant.

These crooks include every type of criminal expert. The "Chief" never calls in outside assistance on a job.

He even employs his own receivers to dispose of the loot, a system making it even more difficult for the law to corner him.

Still under forty, the "Chief" looks many years younger. Yet he planned his technique in jail many years ago.

He had been caught after slugging and robbing a bank messenger, and as he did his "time" he decided that only "mugs" land behind bars.

When released, he began to put the plans he had worked out in his cell into practice.

Soon he was the brains of a gang, planning robbery after robbery so successfully that his confederates called him "Chief of the Clan."

The name stuck. It fitted him as perfectly as one of his expensive suits, and now it is spoken with fear and admiration.

He first thought of grappling irons for ripping iron gates from the front of jewellers' shops. A chain, fastened to a high-powered car, wrenches the gate away when the car is put into gear.

Some time ago the "Chief" was nearly caught. Although injured in making a "getaway," he succeeded in hiding from members of Scotland Yard's Flying Squad.

A few members of his gang were arrested, but the police could get no evidence against the ringleader.

Never have they been able to persuade one of the "Chief's" men to break his oyster-like silence.

Since the introduction of the "black-out," the "Chief," who lives in a delightful house in a London suburb, has prospered more than ever. He and his gang have struck again and again.

Even in the "black-out" the "Chief" takes no chances.

He still works the two-car trick to make good his escape and confuse pursuers if he is surprised during a raid.

His drivers would qualify as race-track aces, and they hide their powerful cars in a garage which the police have never been able to trace.

Scotland Yard experts are nearly sure that it was the "Chief" and his gang who escaped with £3,000 worth of jewels from a shop within a stone's throw of Piccadilly the other day.

The thieves used two cars for the "black-out" raid. After the padlocks of a steel grille had been filed a large plate-glass window was smashed.

A FEW days before, in almost precisely the same way, jewellery worth another £1,000 was stolen from a shop in near-by Arlington Street. About a week earlier the haul from still another shop in the same neighbourhood was worth £3,500.

That is an indication of how these "black-out" robberies are increasing.

Most of them take place in London, but provincial cities are beginning to get their share, and the police are always up against the same problem.

Unless thieves are caught red-handed, it is impossible to have suspects recognised by chance eye-witnesses.

Some gangs, specialising on darkened trains, have to be content with smaller plunder. Moving along crowded and darkened corridors and in packed compartments they "lift" currency notes and cash.

Pickpockets, too, are reaping a rich harvest wherever there are crowds in dimmed streets.

Many complaints about "black-out" crooks disguising themselves in battle dress have been lodged at Scotland Yard. The last concerned a robbery in Kingsway, London, W.C.2, only a few days ago.

Two men, jumping from a car, rushed into a shop, struck the attendant, raided the till and disappeared. Three other establishments in the same district were robbed in the same way within a few hours.

Although two men, believed to be the robbers, have since been "up" for identification, witnesses have failed to pick them out.

Masks are used by other thieves.

Three men with covered faces broke into a wholesaler's premises in Hoe Street, London, E., a few days ago and took £1,000 worth of tobacco, cigarettes and lighters.

There is a large map at Scotland Yard, something like those on which the war is being followed by means of tiny flag markers in countless homes.

It is the alarming chart of the wave of "black-out" piracy, and the detectives studying it are hurriedly working out the biggest attack on crooks since Britain's famous headquarters of crime detection was founded a century ago.

The arrogant, smiling "Chief" and his ken have a "blitzsurprise" coming to them.

Sitting-not-so-Pretty!

Imaginary Interview on the Black-out Bus

YOU ask me 'ow far this 'ere car goes, but let me tell you this ain't a car at all, Mister. This is a perishing 'bus running on perishing pool spirit! Oh! beg your pardon! Didn't know you wos an American.

'Op on, young fellow. This'll take you near enough where you want to go. . . .

I don't want to take no liberties, but I would like to know what you Americans think about this war? You thinks it's "phoney," do you? . . .

You think it's too quiet to be natcheral? . . . I'll bet your Dad (your "Pop" or your "Old Man" or whatever you call 'im) didn't think there was anything "phoney" about the last war, did 'e?

But "that was different," sez you? He was *in* that one, your Pop was! You're telling me, Son!

ALL America was in it then because it blinking well *'ad* to come in. But, blimey it took its time!

Nah, nah! I didn't mean nothink nasty! I *know* your Dad and his pals helped to polish off the Kaiser and I know they were dam' fine troops. Just the same you've got to admit they might have polished it off a bit sooner if they'd come in quicker.

See wot I mean?

You say America ain't called on to mix up in European politics. You tell me you got nothing out of the last war except a lot of bad debts? And *you* think if we'd stood by the League of Nations one 'undred per cent., Europe would never 'ave got into this mess?

Lissen!.. Who's idea was the League of Nations? Woodrow Wilson started it, didn't he? And then, first thing after he got back home, you threw him and his precious League overboard. And you've been washing your hands of us all ever since!.. I hope they're clean by now!

NO, no, chum; you've got me all wrong! I don't blame you for keeping out of this. None of us does. We and the French reckon we can just about scupper ole 'Itler without getting any help from anybody, see?

We know we've got your sympathy—and that's something, as the poor bloke said when his rich uncle had him shown out by the butler! And we know you'd hate to see Hitler win.

The only thing that makes us a little peevish, as you might say, is when you tell us we can't be really trying in the first place and, in the second place, that you'll have to help us make peace!

Oh, I know it ain't easy to be strictly neutral.

I know you feel obliged to make a protest when we search your air mails and lift the contrabrand out of them what was going to the Germans.

I quite understand how sore you feel when we interfere with your sea-borne trade. . . .

But don't it ever occur to *you*, young feller, that this war is doing America a lot of no good *apart* from all that?

Don't you realise that, no matter how many aeroplanes and guns you sell to us for cash, the war has already played Hell with your general European trade? . . .

Don't you know in your heart of hearts that we're fighting for every blessed thing that you people have held sacred since the Declaration of Independence? We aren't *asking* you to fight for us, but, by cripes, we don't have to be grateful for your sympathy. We darned well deserve it!

Most of us have great admiration for President Roosevelt. Some of us, and that means me, too!—rate him as high as any President you've had.

But when he tells us in good strong language that ninety-eight per cent. of all you Americans is solid for poor little Finland against Russia, why then we can't help wondering what you might have done to help the Finns if you'd been a full hundred per cent. for them 'stead of ninety-eight! . . .

YOU getting orf 'ere?

What about the fare?

You've left all your money in the 'otel? That's all right, mate. I know your credit's good, but you have this one with me. . . .

You see we don't usually carry without "cash" on this line, but what's a little matter of twopence between good pals?

Schoolgirls, shop assistants, typists and married women are being forced to work on the land and in factories by Nazi Press Gang Bullies

HITLER'S WOMEN SLAVES

Even though she is a member of the Hitler Youth Movement she protests at being sent at forty-eight hours' notice to an unknown destination.

WOMEN of Britain who have volunteered by the million of their own free will to play their part in every phase of the nation's war effort should contrast their lot with that of Hitler's women slaves.

Conscription, coercion, blackmail, have been used by the Nazis to push them into conditions of forced labour that have had no parallel since slavery was abolished.

Industrial conscription of girls, beginning with a year of "duty service" at labour camps, farm and forestry work, or as domestics, with pocket money as wages, tore hundreds of thousands of girls of 17 to 25 from their homes.

Compulsory labour has now claimed "all available women" for work in war industries.

Calling-up notices are ordering them to report within forty-eight hours for duty at munition factories.

Disobedience is treated as sabotage.

Most objectors are carried off to labour camps. Others are imprisoned.

Neutral observers tell amazing stories of the methods adopted in this "civilised" enslavement of women.

Many of the girls receiving their 48-hour marching orders to camps and munition factories are typists, shop assistants, dressmakers and domestic servants.

In large business houses, the manager is ordered by Labour Front authorities to surrender a number of girls for immediate labour service.

Large numbers have been transported at the briefest notice for forced labour in parts as far distant as Poland.

Herded Together

When managers have said the girls were not the firm's slaves Nazi leaders have picked batches of girls at random and ordered them to parade next morning with provisions and clothing.

The girls were then herded into Army transports and driven to undisclosed destinations.

Many have not been heard of since their departure.

Others have written home telling their parents that they are at this or that camp, farm, factory, or forestry centre.

When war started, Nazis had about 800 women's labour camps. The number was doubled within a month. There are now thousands.

For the most part they supply forced labour for the land.

Physical Training

The girls put in a full working day of eight, nine or more hours on the farms. They are given an hour's physical training before the midday meal, and in the evening they receive political instruction from the camp leader.

They toil for a pittance, receive no real wages.

Their only escape from this serfdom has been marriage and tens of thousands have been blackmailed into accepting matrimony because Nazis want more babies.

Even marriage is now becoming more problematical as a way of escape.

Married women, if childless, will be conscripted for forced labour in future.

Children as young as sixteen, girls as well as boys, do not escape.

Girls of sixteen still at school are having their "holidays" extended to six months—at the expense of their education—so that for half the year they can do "duty service" in country and town households.

They provide unpaid labour while learning a career!

Even ten-year-old girls are urged to take on employment outside school hours.

Laws for the protection of young workers have been so modified as to allow even those under sixteen to work ten hours a day.

Young conscripts in munition factories and mines of the Ruhr are doing a 12-hour day.

The Association of German Girls, feminine counterpart of the Hitler Youth organisation, has protested that many of its members have refused to accept the jobs given them after their year of compulsory labour service.

Hitler has answered by decreeing that coercive measures will be applied by the police to girls between 17 and 25 neglecting to answer calling-up notices or making false statements.

Many have falsely declared they are married to evade service.

Tens of thousands of others have found a way out in the strangest of all "marriages of convenience."

Whole pages of the "Wanted—a husband" type of advertisement appear every day in Nazi newspapers.

Hitler believes that intellect is the third and last quality to be considered in the education of women.

He puts physical training first.

Development of character, which means servile support for Nazidom, comes second.

16 Hours a Day

Entry to the professions is severely restricted by limitations placed on the higher education of women. Female university students are limited to an almost negligible percentage.

Women in the service of the Reich, local authorities and other public bodies have been dismissed and driven into marriage or the ranks of forced manual labourers.

Wages for women have been forced down to "sweated labour" level everywhere.

Dr. Ley's Labour Front cynically says, "High wages are no good as they increase the demands for precious fats, eggs and meat!"

High mark of conscript industrial depravity is reached in the fish-canning industry. Ninety per cent. of the workers are underpaid women, and they work a 16-hour day, Sunday included.

And the death rate among women has doubled.

For the Rebellious

There is also a living death for the worst cases of revolt against Nazi enslavement of women. The first concentration camp exclusively for women (more are on the way) is at Ravensbrueck, a picturesque suburb of the pleasure resort of Fuerstenberg.

Surrounded by lovely woods and lakes, the camp is encircled by a barricade of electrified wire, spelling sudden extinction for would-be runaways.

It is for "women enemies of the State." They are allowed no visitors, and may write to the outside world only once a month.

It is guarded by full-blooded He-men Nazis.

Ravensbrueck stands as a warning to the free women of all democratic countries of what Hitlerism would offer *them*!

HOME TAILOR MADE

JOHN BULL'S new book, "The Pictorial Guide to Modern Home Dressmaking," is in such demand that the offer must now be withdrawn.

Your last chance to secure a copy of this money-saving work appears on page 4.

With the help of the 450 how-to-do-it photographs and diagrams and easily understandable instructions in this book, every woman, whether she has previous dressmaking experience or not, can make anything from a pair of rompers for baby to a tailored costume for herself.

The Human Machine

Stop the Flood!

BY means of our powers of concentration we can always stop our minds being flooded by gloom and pessimism and all the other evil influences seeking to enter.

It is more important than ever to remember this in times of strain.

Nothing is easier than to open the mind to every dark thought choosing to nest there. We must never forget that dark thoughts can grow and multiply like germs in an incubator.

If wise, we will keep them out at all costs.

It's not really such a terrible task, even though it calls for considerable will-power.

We must not allow thoughts to be foisted on us.

We must not be willing just to think the thoughts of other people.

We must not just be passive receptacles for any thoughts.

We must think our own thoughts, think them consciously and deliberately.

Ideas that are allowed to pass through our minds can make or break us. We might just as well make certain that these ideas are of big things, of beautiful things, of honest things, of cheerful things.

Don't forget that there are still beautiful and honest and cheerful things in the world.

It will pay us to look for them.

"Every substantial grief has twenty shadows, most of them shadows of your own making."

If we only start by eliminating these shadows, we shall have taken a big step towards stopping the flooding of our minds with unwanted gloom.

GRIN and BEAR IT! - By Oliver Plush

Confessions of a Rumour

Cold Comfort

"Britishers," declares the London correspondent of an American newspaper, "don't think the voice that breathes o'er Zeesen is so hot." Well, that's another way of saying its owner is a complete Haw-Hoar-frost with us.

Diary of a War Rumour

SUNDAY: Born at 12.48 p.m. in humble circumstances in saloon bar of "Spotted Duck." Although only a little chap, I was well received by all, and promptly adopted by a stockbroker, who took me home to his wife. She thinks I'm positively amazing.

MONDAY: Stockbroker's wife dresses me up neatly in morning, and in afternoon presents me to members of sewing-bee. Start to grow fast in evening.

TUESDAY: Have now changed so much, hardly recognise myself. Learn that my creator is (*a*) "Big Shot at War Office, old boy"; (*b*) "Man who knows chap who met fellow who was there when it happened"; (*c*) "Aunt Hester's cook's policeman-friend."

WEDNESDAY: Bit anxious about myself this morning. Seem to be swelling alarmingly. Am sure something awful will happen to me soon. Make brief appearance in House of Commons, where Junior Minister promptly explodes me in written answer.

Dictionary Definition No. 1

The word "easy" means "easy" except when used in connection with the word "payments."

Clothes and the Man

People who are cheerfully encouraging us to wear out all our old suits forget the danger they may prove to motorists in the black-out. Drivers should demand trouser-seat dimmers to avoid being dazzled by patriotic pedestrians.

Poor Old Snooper

Hear they put old Snooper away at last.

He waited all day yesterday till seven o'clock, and then rang up somebody he didn't want to speak to on the shilling 'phone in order to save sixpence. Said it was part of his scheme for economising to help win the war.

Can't Be Done

You'll find
That you can change your mind
Quite easily. And I've a
Fiver
You can change, pal, if you're
game.
You can change your name
You can change your pants
In Hants
Or any other place,
And change your face
By letting the whiskers grow
Like so!
But no, sir—
You can't so easily change your
grocer.

Voice from the Past

"This morning I am going to tell you how to make a really tasty afternoon tea party cake. Take two pounds of butter . . ."

Dotty Dialogue

"A packet of mustard-and-cress seeds, please."

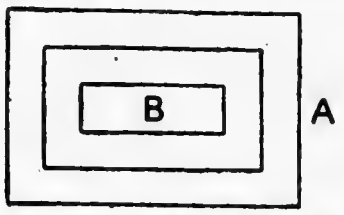
"That's the spirit, lady! Digging for victory?"

Another Great Poem

Why, hello, Herman, how d'you do?
You
Old sinner!
Don't get any thinner,
Do you, chum?
Lor' lum—
Me! The tales that get about!
The other day a neutral lout
Said that
Germany was short of fat.

More Black-Out Fun

Snappy little brain-teaser. How to get from A to B without touching a black line.



This looks impossible, Ethel, but it isn't, honest.

SOLUTION.—You place the jam on B and the wasp on A. Then stand back.

(The man's a fool!)

Cousin Queenie's Corner

My dear Girls,

I positively *must* tell you about the *dinkiest* little dugout I saw last week. It has been built in lovely grounds (they extend to upwards of a *quarter of an acre*, my poppets) of Lady Thingummy's country house close to Wapping Old Stairs, and is positively *too* screamingly original for words.

Instead of one of those *sick-making* tin roofs, it has the *dinkiest* sheet of looking-glass on the top, and is *all* Lady Thingummy's very *own* idea.

You see, if ever those utterly revolting Nazi people ever come Wappingwards in their bombers, they will look over the edge of their machine, and then, instead of seeing a building, they will see their own reflection, and this will scare them so much, declares Lady T. (who was, of course, one of the Bagges of Wash), that they will lose positively all control, and then those scrumptious R.A.F. boys will simply pulverise them.

Don't you think she is just too, *too* brainy for *words*?

Your loving cousin, Queenie.

P.S.—Next week I'll tell you all about Hock. The wine, *not* the shop, of course.

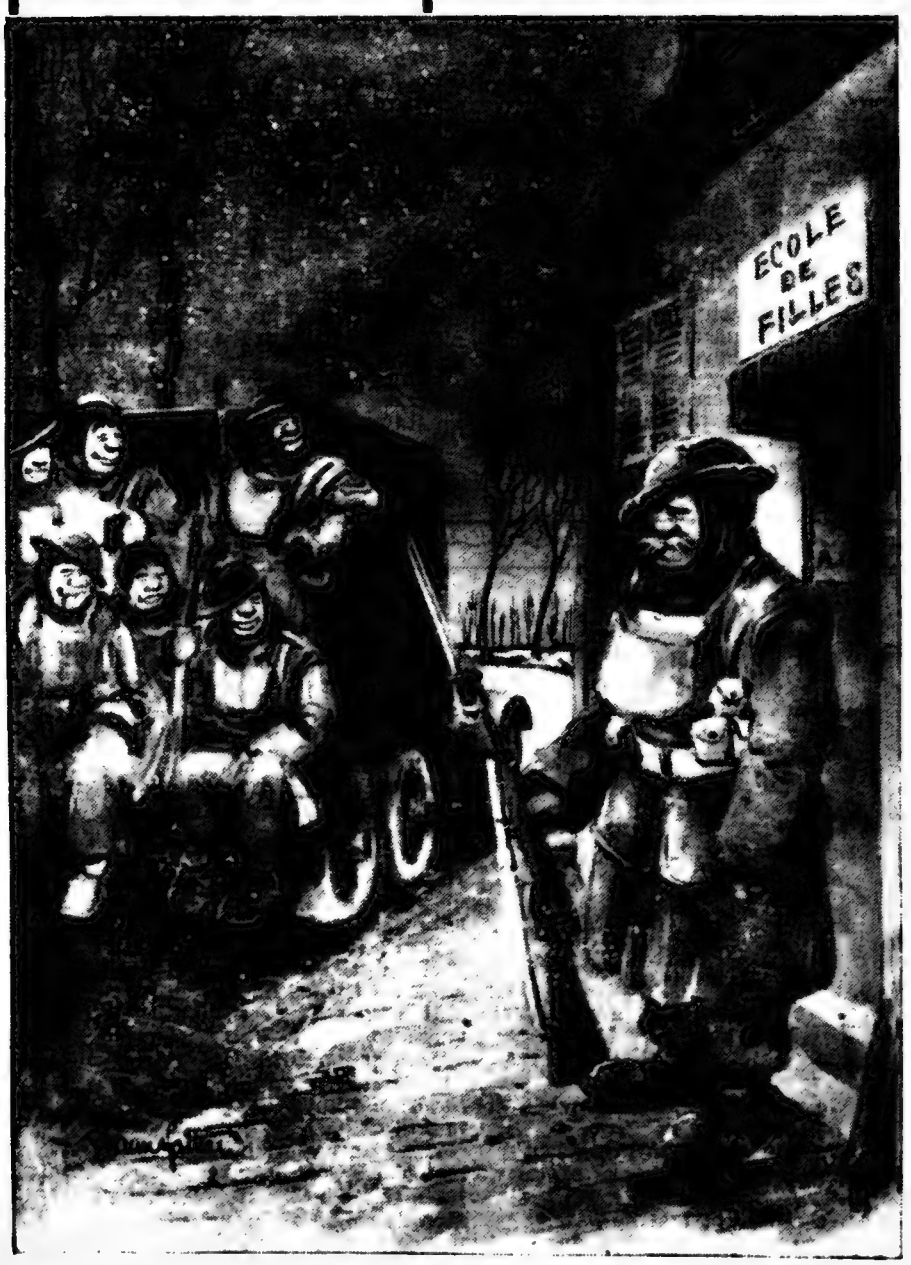
Back to Front

A military expert whose lines of communication to editors fill columns of valuable space, was getting all het up about the All-Lowest the other morning.

"Hitler," he informed us, "is still asking himself the question: 'Can I break through on the Western Front?'"

Well, the answer to that one is that Adolf must take Maginot for an answer.

OLD BILL
By Bruce Bairnsfather



'Ullo Stalin, 'ow's Finland?

Across the Atlantic

Stalin is being likened to Ivan the Terrible. Seems a bit tough on Ivan.
—*Montreal Herald, Canada.*

Ribbentrop: "Ja, Britain was trying to encircle us."
—*Edwardsville Intelligencer, U.S.A.*

SIR NEVILE HENDERSON BREAKS SILENCE about the origins of the war as a result of—

What the Station Master told the Diplomat

By HANNEN SWAFFER

He left Germany with nothing more than would go in two bags

AS soon as Sir Neville Henderson returned to London from his post as our Ambassador in Berlin, he sat down and penned for the Government a final report on the circumstances leading up to the war.

This sheet, as a White Paper, was seized upon as eagerly as though it were a popular novel. It became a best-seller.

Then a chance meeting in England decided him to write, not a White Paper this time, but a book. . . .

Leaving Germany, he had been allowed to bring with him nothing more than would go in two bags. His furniture, his silver—everything he had collected during years of foreign travelling—had to be left behind.

Virtually homeless, he decided to stay for a time with an aunt who lives near Sleaford, in Lincolnshire.

Still carrying the two bags, he found himself waiting for a train at Grantham, and there he recognised in the stationmaster an old acquaintance.

"Do come into my office," said the railwayman.

There, the eyes of the station staff staring, he told what he knew of the people of Germany—that many of the masses were a darned sight better than they had been painted, but that the rulers who were exploiting them were a darned sight worse.

"You have taught me something, sir, that I think the whole world should know," said the stationmaster when Sir Neville had done.

"If I had the first-class knowledge that you have, I should consider it my duty to tell the world. It is news that belongs to the people."

IN the train, when he had started on his journey again, Sir Nevile thought this over.

"Diplomats do not rush into print," he thought. "They may, at the end of their careers, write discreet memoirs, but they are never the authors of hot, up-to-the-minute books."

Still, he soon decided that the Grantham stationmaster was right. So he started authorship. . . .

Sir Nevile Henderson was, until recent weeks, accused in some quarters of being pro-Nazi. On the other hand, certain pro-Germans in Britain said they thought he should have fought harder for appeasement.

The truth is that he was interpreting, as Ambassadors do, Whitehall policy. He cannot be held responsible for it. Anyway, whatever they say, he cannot answer back.

HIS training in diplomacy has been a varied one. It began in 1905, in St. Petersburg, where he served two terms at the Embassy. Then he went to Tokio and Rome, and, in 1914, he was at Nish.

After being first Secretary in Paris when the Armistice came, he went to Constantinople, and there, in the difficult days between 1922 and 1924, he became a close acquaintance of Mustafa Kemal, doing much to lead us towards our present alliance with Turkey.

It was after being High Commissioner in Egypt that, in February, 1937—four years after Hitler attained power—he was appointed British Ambassador in Berlin.

Hitler met him with his warmest hand-shake. There followed a long series of incidents which no doubt led to all the "pro-Nazi" talk.

Speaking six months after his arrival to a mixed audience of Germans and Britons in Berlin, he said, "Guarantee us peace and you will have no better friend than Britain."

The Germans cheered.

Soon he was revealing that, when he first met Hitler, the Fuehrer said to him, "I want to remove some of the . . . I regret to name it . . . mistrust that exists between us."

This from the author of "Mein Kampf"!!!

Henderson's speeches in those days—and for long after—were pleas for greater understanding and for a friendship that he seemed sure would inevitably follow.

Still, in June, he made an unfortunate blunder. He said that some of the English people who criticised dictatorship "might learn therefrom some useful lessons." He did not say what lessons.

I do not wonder, therefore, that Miss Rathbone asked in the House "whether our Ambassador could not be restrained from giving his personal views upon the forms or methods of the Government of the State to which he was accredited."

"I did not read into the Ambassador's remark," replied Anthony Eden, then Foreign Secretary, "any criticism of those who prefer, as we all do in this House, the democratic form of government."

WHAT had got Sir Nevile in wrong was the fact that the German newspapers had indulged in paeans of praise about one sentence—hailing it as something of an admission—but had kept very quiet about his pointed criticism of the German share of responsibility for Anglo-German misunderstanding.

By March, 1938, the situation between Whitehall and the Wilhelmstrasse was deteriorating rapidly.

Sir Nevile was called home more than once for consultations.

Von Ribbentrop was being called home to Berlin.

We know now well enough that he was reporting, "Britain will never fight."

In April Sir Nevile said in Hamburg, "If Germany desires the loyal friendship of the British Empire—we desire hers—Germany must appreciate the honesty of our intentions and help us to ensure that peace which we all desire for our common heritage."

Then, gradually, the situation got worse. In May, British and foreign ministers were busy in Prague, urging the Czechs to make concessions. We know now the deplorable result, how the Czechs were betrayed.

Only a week later, it was Sir Nevile's unpleasant duty to see Von Ribbentrop to seek assurances regarding movements of troops not far from the Czechoslovakian borders.

The Germans merely replied that we had been "seeing things," that Britain was making "sinister moves to create prejudice against peace-loving Germany."

Well, from then until Munich, in September, 1938, Sir Nevile was in the news every day. We did not then know in London how grievously his mind was disturbed, how week after week he saw coming nearer and nearer the war he had been struggling to avert.

THEN came Neville Chamberlain's three visits to Germany to appeal to Hitler. Henderson was with Mr. Chamberlain in Germany during all those hectic days.

Six months later, at Cologne, he made one of his last speeches in public.

"I am going to be slightly indiscreet," he said. "A fortnight ago, I had the honour to say a few words at a dinner in Berlin. My theme was peace.

"By coincidence, the report of the very heavy rearmament expenses of the British Government appeared in a news-telegram which reached Berlin just before I made that speech.

"When I had finished speaking, a distinguished German official came up to me and asked how I reconciled my pacific words with these great rearmament figures.

"He left the news-telegram with me for a moment, and I wrote across it: 'Peace is only assured when England is in a position to defend herself.'"

The rest of it has been told in the White Paper which put down, in plain words for all times, the proof that the war was not of our making, how all our peace moves had been made in vain.

Well, he speaks excellent Japanese, and Turkish, Italian, Russian and other Slav languages. Now in his book he will speak plain English.

He will review, not as a diplomat, but as a frank observer, what really is wrong with the German Government, and what he feels is right with millions of the German people.

Greatest of These

MRS. GOODWIN, of Breck Road, Everton, is the mother of five young children.

Lilian

Her husband first joined the Army in 1911, served in Flanders and was wounded in 1916. Discharged from the Army without a pension in 1922, he joined the Territorials in 1937 and is now serving in the R.A.F.

He had been unemployed for nine years.

While this hero is doing his bit, Mrs. Goodwin is trying to rear her family on 38s. a week. But after paying for rent and coal, she has only 18s. left to feed and clothe six persons.

The eldest son of sixteen is mentally deficient and unemployable. Another son of fifteen is out of work. Of the three children at school, eleven-year-old Lilian has a weak heart and requires special care.

Mrs. Goodwin is unable to work outside her own home.

Readers eager to assist this deserving woman should earmark their donations "Lilian," and send them to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. List of subscriptions will be sent on application.

No deductions are made for administration expenses.

We gratefully acknowledge 10s. from C. B. A. (Leicester).

Fireside Talk by the Rev. PAT McCORMICK, the famous radio pastor

All doctors and nurses are God's agents when they are fighting disease, because they are nobly doing His work

The Mystery of PAIN

I AM an incorrigible optimist, but I find it hard to be patient with people who refuse to look facts in the face unless they suddenly hit them personally on the jaw.

We're finding that crowds of ordinary citizens knew a land existed only through evacuation.

They had no idea what life in such circumstances meant.

They have found out now. It's hit them personally good and hard.

We like to slur over the nasty things of life and pretend they don't exist or that they won't touch us.

One such fact is the pain and suffering in the world.

It may sound a dismal subject for our fireside talk, but it's a fact that has to be faced, because, even if it doesn't touch us, it probably touches some of our friends.

I am sure that God is fighting disease and suffering as much as sin. He does not send them as punishments, though they may be punishments we have inflicted on ourselves because we have gone against His law or the laws of nature.

If we believe that God is fighting them, it helps us to do the same.

It gives us fresh hope.

It is a thing to be fought and not submitted to. We refuse to be people who enjoy bad health!

It's extraordinary how many people get well when they believe this instead of becoming chronic invalids.

We ought to look on doctors and nurses as God's agents when they are fighting disease, because they are doing God's will.

But I may be talking to some who believe they can't get well, and this is what I would say to them.

God is a loving Father, and, being their Father, He understands what they are going through, and He is in it with them.

Love is the spirit of self-giving.

He not only gave Himself once through Jesus Christ, but is continually giving Himself for His children.

So while His children have to suffer, He must be in it with them to fulfil His purpose of Love.

This knowledge is a tremendous help to many invalids.

There is a phrase that helps many: "The mysterious fellowship of suffering." God is in that, too.

I once tried to explain all this to a man who had a chronic disease and was seldom free from pain.

The next time I went to him he was a changed man. He was cheerful and happy, and he said, "Padre, I know God is near me and with me now, and I feel a different man."

You can imagine how thankful I was.

It was a tonic to me to go to see him cheerful till the day he passed on, and I am sure the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

HAROLD A. ALBERT, *expert on Continental affairs, introduces you to the Nazis Nobody Knows*

MEN BEHIND HITLER

IT happened in Munich.

A long, low car, flying the swastika flag from its roof, swept down the Ludwigstrasse, and the cheering crowd surged frantically against the guards.

In the limousine sat a hatchet-faced man with thin lips, his sullen eyes staring unresponsively ahead.

Not Hitler. Not Goebbels. Yet the crowd went mad with enthusiasm.

"Heil, Darré!" they yelled, "Darré! Darré!"

Walther Darré has the toughest job in Germany. Minister of Agriculture and Food, he tries to counteract Britain's stern economic control by providing foodstuffs from the soil of the Reich.

He must raise sugar crops for alcohol, find butter and wool for armaments, produce milk and wood for the ersatz factories, and meat for the German Army.

THIS American-born, English-educated colonial farmer can decide whether the war can be prolonged, or whether Hitler must face revolution and defeat.

His celebrated plan to treat the women of Germany like cattle by dividing them into classes for eugenic purposes shocked the world.

His remarkable schemes, bringing temporary prosperity to German landowners, gave Goering the idea of self-sufficiency. He was the first Nazi to cause a monument to be erected to himself, and he has held down a difficult Cabinet post for seven years.

Yet Darré is little known outside Germany. He is one of several unknown Nazis whose decisions must inevitably affect the course of the war.

Others are in the running for the future Presidency of Germany.

HEINRICH LAMMERS, bald-headed Chief of the Reich Chancellery, was little more than Hitler's chief clerk until recently.

He was a provincial judge with a flair for fitting the letter of the law to Hitler's word, and giving an appearance of legality to every decision.

As a member of the "Inner Cabinet" for the efficient prosecution of the war, he is now not only head of Hitler's own department as Chancellor, but he has also become an equal with Goering, Hess, Keitel and other key men.

An expert on constitutional law and procedure, he may yet draw up the device that will kick Hitler out of office.

His nearest number on the Defence Council, Wilhelm Frick, might be mistaken for his twin brother. Frick is equally hairless, and legal-minded (he was once a magistrate in Bavaria), but as Germany's equivalent of Home Secretary since Hitler came to power, he is becoming better known.

Frick conferred German nationality on Hitler, and made the world laugh by appointing him police chief of a German village.

The world only grinned when Frick ordered German children to recite prayers and hymns of hate. He drafted many of the "Aryan laws" against Jews. To-day he can be held directly responsible for the civil atrocities in Poland.

Paul Koerner, second-in-command of Germany's war effort on the economic side, is reputedly busy inventing a scheme to stem the landslide of German finance.

An opportunist rather than a fanatic, he may well climb higher.

Dr. Robert Ley (pronounced Lie) is on the way up, too.

After paying off the last instalment of 60,000 marks on his new house, Ley found a notice pinned to his front door, asking *"Where did you get that 60,000 marks?"*

On offering 1,000 marks reward for the arrest of the perpetrator, he found a second notice, *"Where did you get that 61,000 marks?"*

Head of the German Labour Front, Ley has been called the Jailer of the German Working Classes. He is known to have made £300,000 out of the trade unions. Yet he has attained popularity for his cheap "Strength Through Joy" excursion trips.

Nine other unknowns rule in the Nazi Cabinet.

DORPMULLER, Transport Minister, is getting into trouble for the innumerable railway smashes.

Kerrl, in charge of Church Affairs, must reconcile Germany's 35,000,000 Catholics with the Vatican's anti-Nazi broadcasts.

Dr. Ohnesorge, Minister of Posts, was probably congratulating himself on smuggling contraband through United States mails until Britain called his bluff.

Herr Seldt, Nazi Labour Minister, haggard with the worry of providing 1,000,000 additional workers, can find no better solution than enslaving Polish women to work in labour gangs.

Rust, education minister, must tell German children why they need no longer hate Russia.

And the man with the biggest burden of all, Finance Minister Count Schwerin von Krosigk, must somehow temper the rocket of Nazi expenditure with the more temperate demands of Germany's big business magnates.

State Minister Otto Meissner has always refused on principle to become a member of the Nazi Party. Yet he has always contrived to be right-hand man of Germany's ruler.

FOR many years he stood at Hindenburg's side. He worked for President Ebert and General Schleicher.

He now waits more often on Goering than on Hitler!

He never shares the limelight, but always lurks in the background.

That policy has been shared by Max Amann, one-time sergeant to Hitler's corporal, the bank clerk who built up the financial side of the Nazi Party and gradually gained control of every newspaper published in Germany.

It has been shared by Otto Wolff, the German industrial magnate, who is said to have kept Hitler waiting when the Chancellor recently called at his Neunkirchen *palast*.

There are others; men such as Von Schirach, the ambitious careerist in charge of Nazi youth, and Bradford-born Ernst Bohle, the propagandist expert behind Lord Haw-Haw.

They are all dangerous to Hitler. From any one of them may originate the plot that spells his doom. Unknown now, they may be vital figures in the world of to-morrow.

Six months ago the Radio "Ham" was keeping a date-in-the-air with his home-made transmitter . . . Now

Spare-time Sparks Gets a Break

● *In peace time amateur "Sparks" had the world at the tip of his finger. Now he has taken his place in the vitally important defence system of Britain, handling the latest radio equipment*

Calling all Radio "Hams," Air Ministry officials are still appealing for amateur radio experts to undertake duties "closely connected with Britain's system of defence against air attack."

Emphasising that the R.A.F.'s new radio equipment may "decide the fate of the war," signalling officers need recruits with science degrees and radio technicians "familiar with the latest sets and with the theory of television."

They will only be accepted after a stiff examination, and they must have the intelligence "to reason why" as well as the ability to deal with technical problems. They must know Morse code and can be between 18 and 50. But they will not necessarily be asked to fly.

IT was snug and warm in the small world of the flying boat's cabin. Smith glanced over his radio instruments with a sense of having achieved an ambition. He was the nerve-centre of this giant flying boat slipping through the night over the grey wastes of the North Sea.

Six months ago he had been tinkering with an amateur transmitting set in a suburban villa on the outskirts of London. He had called a man in South Africa every Thursday evening. It was a standing "date-in-the-air" and they exchanged technical chatter.

And radio "hams" in Australia, the United States, India and the Malay Straits listened to them gleefully. Smith felt that he had conquered the world. But there was something missing.

Flying had fascinated Smith as much as radio. He dreamt of the day when he would be sitting in an aircraft, broadcasting to the listening world.

Back-yard Hero

Well, his dream has come true.

Smith is one of more than eight hundred British radio "hams" now absorbed in the Services.

Because of their highly-specialised knowledge they have become vitally important to the country's defence system, and they are employed by the Navy, the Air Force and the Army.

When war started, there were some 2,500 amateur transmitters in this country. Each held a special transmitting licence from the Post Office. It was not easy to qualify for that licence. The Post Office enforced gruelling Morse code and technical tests.

Amateur broadcasters had a code of their own; "73" meant "Kind regards"; "QRB"—"How far, approximately, are you from my station?" "88"—"Love and kisses."

All this taught the radio "ham" the rudiments of code transmission. He mastered a method of confirming radio talks, and exchanged QSL cards, giving location, call sign and wavelength.

To-day these "hams" are putting this experience to new purposes.

Jones, once a clerk in a grocery business, now rides the high-seas in a minesweeper, operating with great care and understanding an entirely new radio outfit, because a few months ago he had a home-made transmitting set in a shed in his back-yard.

No Pirate Voices

When the war started, the Post Office circularised everyone holding a transmitting licence, arranging for the vital parts of his set to be dismantled.

There are strange store-rooms scattered throughout England. They appear to be the super-laboratories of master scientists. There are pallid retorts, queer-shaped valves and mysterious fragments of wireless apparatus.

Every item is carefully recorded. The owner holds a receipt. When the war is over he can reclaim his property. Meanwhile, the penalties for mis-using transmitters are severe.

Special "listening" departments of the Post Office keep constant check on the air.

Day and night they listen for any pirate voice among the babel of the ether. The faintest suspicion of something illegal sets in motion a ruthless system for hunting down the criminal.

There were school-teachers, barristers, clerks and salesmen amongst Britain's radio enthusiasts before the war. Now they are merely radio specialists doing a vital job of work.

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS

Catching Chatterers

WHAT is behind the heavy penalties to be imposed for "careless chattering" about official secrets?

AUTHORITIES claim to have evidence of an "enormous amount" of leakage of important information. Despite the tighter ring round our ports and the rigid postal censorship, it is easier for such information to be sent to the enemy than it was in the last war.

There are now 60,000 enemy aliens at large in this country as refugees. Some of them are almost certainly enemy agents, acting as "receiving channels" for such information.

It is easier to get information out of the country because of the efficiency of short-wave radio.

A set not much larger than a cigar-box, and running on less power than it takes to light a small electric bulb, can send out signals on fixed wave lengths easily picked up in Germany.

WHAT can Nazis hope to gain by circulating forged currency notes in Balkan countries?

THE idea is not, as some newspapers have suggested, to get hold of foreign exchange by "swopping" faked notes for genuine currency.

The amounts seized so far (£12,000 in Rumanian money, £20,000 in Hungarian money) are too small to help Germany, and are not worth the risk involved in smuggling faked currency in and getting genuine currency out of another country.

Real purpose of forged money is to attack a country's economic system. Most nations operate their banknotes on a "fiduciary" system, which means that the National bank faithfully promises to pay against them.

A currency note is good only because of the public's faith in that promise.

Scatter even £20,000 in faked money about a country and you can shake the public's faith, slow up normal trading processes, and even cause a public upheaval.

★ *Nazi Forgers*
★ *Neon Black-out*
★ *U.S. Emissary*
★ *The Volunteers*

WHAT has happened to the neon sign business?

THE "black-out" has blacked out the whole of this new industry. Neon signs are still permitted "under cover" in shops and similar public places, but few shopkeepers care to spend money on this compromise form of advertisement.

More than a hundred firms and £2,000,000 were involved in neon sign manufacture in Britain. Most of the 10,000 workers engaged are now out of work.

A few of the firms with their own glass tube making and bending machinery have been able to get war contracts to make glass ampoules for holding serum, and for the glass tubing needed in aeroplane instruments. Rest have gone out of business.

Neon is an inert gas present in the atmosphere in minute quantities and extracted by a complicated process. Being inert it has few uses in commerce or war, and even though neon tubes are used in radio, not enough gas is required for this purpose to make its extraction worthwhile.

WHAT is the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870, that is to be virtually suspended to allow British volunteers to fight for Finland?

ACT came into being in 1870, when Britain had to pay £1,000,000 to the United States for aiding the South in the Civil War. It supplanted similar Acts, dating back to 1600, that had often been set aside when it suited the Government of the day.

It is an offence under the 1870 Act to accept without the King's consent "any commission or engagement in the military or naval service of any foreign State at war with any foreign State at peace with His Majesty."

There have been few prosecutions under the Act.

Dr. Jameson was tried under it for his raid into the Transvaal, but Kitchener was not prosecuted although he fought for France in the Franco-Prussian War.

The act was invoked during the Abyssinian and Spanish Civil War and a few volunteers were brought to book.

One pilot, a volunteer with the Spanish Government, escaped because the 1870 Act does not say anything about air service.

WHAT are these "capitulations" under which a foreign gun-runner is tried in China?

CAPITULATIONS are treaties made with certain foreign countries providing that foreigners resident in these countries can be tried only by their own similar courts.

Some of these treaties date back to the ninth century. But most countries consider "capitulations" a humiliation and have abolished them.

They exist now only in China and a few territories in North Africa.

WHY has the United States suddenly decided to send a "peace emissary" to Europe?

IF the war goes on for a long time, the United States will be ruined. Even with 10,000,000 unemployed the United States did nearly £500 millions of export business with Britain, France, Germany and Northern Europe last year. The whole of that trade has vanished "for the duration."

Unemployment figures may reach 16,000,000 by the end of this year. Labour may rebel and so may the people who are called on to pay yet heavier sums towards public relief schemes.

The Government realises that the economic combination of France and Britain, under which the Allies can get virtually all raw materials, food and manufactured goods from the twin Empires, means perhaps the disappearance of American trade with the two countries.

The "peace emissary" may report that the only way to solve economic problems in the United States is for that country to come into the war on the side of the Allies.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

CAMP EPIDEMIC SCANDAL

Mr. Oliver Stanley, Secretary of State for War, should himself investigate Army medical arrangements

LAST Sunday week a policeman called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Field, in Wellesley Road, Croydon, Surrey, to tell them that their son Rex, an Army Technical School student, had died at Aldershot Isolation Hospital.

It was the boy's fifteenth birthday, and a few days before he had written to say he could not obtain leave to come home.

The policeman's message was the first news they had received of his illness.

Enquiries by the shocked parents disclosed a state of affairs at the school that demands immediate action by the G.O.C.

Rex Field died from cerebro-spinal meningitis.

Eleven days before a boy in the next bed to him fell ill with the same disease and was removed to the Aldershot Isolation Hospital.

When that happened a swab of young Field's nose and throat was taken, but he continued to sleep in the same hut with sixteen boys.

Only one swab was taken, and it was reported to be negative. No other precaution was taken.

A few days later Rex became critically ill. He was taken to the nearest military hospital, where it was confirmed that he was suffering from cerebro-spinal meningitis. He was then removed to the Isolation Hospital, where he died.

It is laid down in Army Regulations that when a soldier is dangerously ill his commanding officer or the hospital authorities shall telegraph the relatives.

That was not done in the case of Rex Field.

An outbreak of cerebro-spinal meningitis began at the school camp early in January. Since then there have been six cases, two fatal.

Surely all possible contacts should have been isolated?

I understand that the disease is highly infectious and, what is worse, may be conveyed by people who, although themselves not suffering from it, may yet be able to infect others.

The Technical School camp is in an exposed position and allowance must be made for severe conditions at that time.

But it does appear that more could have been done to safeguard these boys against illness.

One day, when no fewer than 128 out of 640 were on the sick list, the heating arrangements and water supply had broken down.

I would be the last person to criticise unjustly Army authorities. I know all the difficulties with which they are confronted, but I am gravely disturbed about the medical arrangements at many camps where young Militiamen are in training.

This instance of the Army Technical School seems to call for close enquiry, because it is all too clear that there is similar slackness elsewhere.

I am satisfied that the matter will be thoroughly gone into by the War Office authorities when once the facts are before them.

Filthy Books in the Post

"DO they think that all the chaps in the Forces are sexual perverts?" asks an airman who received a list of some of the filthiest books ever published when he answered an advertisement offering second-hand "novels, periodicals and Western Magazines."

This young man at a lonely anti-aircraft post in Scotland hoped he would be able to arrange for a regular supply of good books for himself and his companions.

I have before me the list he received from a London firm in whose name the word "Hygienic" appears more prominently than anything to do with literature.

Offers of nude studies figure even more prominently than the books.

I am not going to give them the pleasure of printing their full title and address, but I imagine the police will be interested in the list.

The scandal is that such pornographic muck can go through the post.

"Can't you go along and bruise your knuckles on the men running this concern?" asks the young airman.

That is what they deserve.

TOO LATE

MY post this week has brought a spate of letters from people who have written too late.

Why *do* you sign papers after yielding to the blather of specious travellers only to find when you receive a copy of the agreement that "no verbal undertakings can be recognised"?

If your unwariness brings you a summons don't leave writing to me until after you have sent in a hopeless defence and compromised yourself beyond redemption.

RUBBISH

FOND words beneath the drawing of an arrow-pierced heart appear on the notepaper of the League of Happiness, Craig-Avenue, Flixton, Manchester.

The Secretary, Terry Mooney, will "extend to you a hearty welcome," and place his unique services "at your command," for a fee.

The list of names he sent to one matrimonial aspirant says little for his business methods. It was badly typed on a frayed sheet of torn notepaper.

Actually his concern is another of those undesirable organisations that I have long tried to suppress.

Ideas for Sale

SELF-PRAISE is no recommendation, but Mr. A. Edwards, of Drummond Street, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1, doesn't worry about that. He goes into rhapsodies about himself.

"Man with a lot of brains and a little capital wanted for a first-class investment," says one of his advertisements. Applicants are favoured with a letter from Edwards asking for £50.

He explains that, having an inventive mind, he has sold ideas to many manufacturers on a profitable commission basis. Those willing to hand over £50 will participate in a share of his profits.

He puts forward his proposition "hopeing it appeals," and adds that his ingenuity "ennables them to be ahead of thier competiters."

Mr. Edwards does not seem able to spell. I can excuse him that.

But I cannot help wondering why, if his ideas-income is so profitable, he wants to share it.

The address he gives is a private house, but he is rarely there. It will be wiser to let him keep his ideas to himself.

Are they Doomed for Life?

"EASIER for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle . . ." This should be the motto of the Lunacy Board of Control because it seems as likely as the chance young people have of being released from their institutions for mental defectives.

Often a child is sent there merely because its mother has died or it seems a little naughtier than the average youngster. And the plight of eighteen-year-old Garfield Binding, whose father lives at Nynehead, near Wellington, Somerset, is all too typical of the increasing complaints I am receiving.

With a younger brother, he was sent to the Royal Western Counties Institution when their mother died nine years ago.

They were to stay there for twelve months.

Exasperated by constant excuses to keep them there long after the agreed period, Garfield recently ran away and obtained work on a farm at Bovey Tracey.

The farmer found the lad perfectly normal and an excellent worker.

He has been taken back.

Appeals by the father and the farmer, who is eager to have him back, have been in vain.

There seems no reason for keeping this youth locked up when he is obviously fit to take his place in the world and work for his living!

A Middlesbrough mother tells me that she is meeting with the same stonewall attitude. Her son was sent to another institution for twelve months because he stole twelve shillings.

That was twelve years ago!

Similar obstinacy is shown by the Scottish Board of Control about a young man who committed some childish prank when he was fourteen years old.

Now boarded out to work for a farmer, he receives a few shillings a week pocket-money.

Although quite normal, he is refused his freedom.

Public Benefactor

INFORMATION supplied by Mr. A. E. Powell, of Hulton Lane, Bolton, who receives this week's Public Benefactor guinea, has led to a particularly valuable warning.

Write to me about any scandal, suspected fraud or grievance, and mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Give Him the Boot

THE "Imperial Footwear Service" sounds imposing enough, but it is really only the business name of Charles Lewis Pryce, of Oxford Road, Bournemouth.

For an "investment," Pryce is willing to find work for unemployed persons, and he recently advertised for a man and wife to take charge of a shop he said he was opening in Hampshire.

Investigations show that the "Imperial Footwear Service" promoter should not be trusted with a penny for "investment."

He appeared a year or two ago, also in Bournemouth, as the "Express Footwear Repairs," and advertised for investor-employees, but most of those who parted with money did not get jobs.

He was sent to prison for fifteen months with hard labour on six charges of fraudulent conversion and six charges of obtaining credit without disclosing that he was then an undischarged bankrupt.

Previously he had gone bankrupt after a year's trading as a builder at Parkstone, Dorset, and two years later received another term of imprisonment for obtaining credit without disclosing that he was a bankrupt.

Another of his ventures was the National Federation of Catering Workers. Although started in Bournemouth, it was supposed to have offices in Regent Street, London, but they were never occupied either by him or the "Federation," which soon petered out.

This is a job for Mr. Daniel Williams, the Board of Trade's Inspector General in Bankruptcy

£30,000 Goes Up in Smoke

ALL the gimcrack delusions of the share-bucketeer's get-rich-quick blandishments are laid bare in the crash of Edward A. Simpson and Company, Ltd., of Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.

In all, £30,000 has gone up in smoke, and the directors, knowing for twelve months that the concern was insolvent, continued to pay into a bank, against a big overdraft, the money they were receiving from clients to buy shares.

And all the time they were searching for fresh victims!

They sold shares belonging to clients, using part of the proceeds in the same way.

When Mr. W. Stewart Mathias, the managing director, died recently, the remaining director, Mr. H. F. Williams, and the secretary, Mr. W. H. Young, calmly sought the refuge of voluntary liquidation.

Yet hundreds of persons in various parts of the country trusted this firm with their money. An invalid in Lancashire lost every penny of his savings.

If there is any justice left, the ramshackle affairs of this company must not remain in the calm backwaters of voluntary liquidation.

The whole sham of this type of bogus speculation must be exposed so that people with a little money to invest may be warned again of the folly of having anything to do with the lurking camp followers of the Stock Exchange.

JOHN BULL has demanded for years that they should be driven out by a drastic tightening of the law.

Evidence taken from our dossiers helped in framing the Prevention of Fraud (Investments) Act last year.

That cleared away some of the worst pests, but something must be done to close the loopholes remaining even though Parliament and the Board of Trade may be busy.

In the disgraceful case of Edward A. Simpson and Co., it is clear that the Board of Trade, under its existing powers, has ample ground for an immediate and searching investigation.

And the Board should be interested in a number of transactions revealed in the preliminary report of the liquidator.

Such an item as "Stock paid for by clients and not delivered—£2,220 8s. 2d." needs some explanation.

In fact, the whole career of the company since it put up its nameplate in 1925 should be probed.

FIVE GUINEAS FOR YOU

—turn to page 34

The POWER of "Whiskers, London"

IN the last War, British agents functioned in neutral countries collecting information from enemy territory about troop movements, the situation of armaments factories, their output, and so forth.

No doubt they are still collecting such news for the military staffs of the Allies. But in this war they have got another and additional set of instructions.

They must tell "Whiskers," London, whether I.G. Farbenindustrie, the big German dye trust, booked a large aniline order with the Argentine, and they must give details of the size and cost of the order.

Are German agents in the market for 50,000 tons of copper? Who is selling? For how much?

They must tell "Whiskers, London."

Is a German firm putting in a cut-price tender for electrical machinery for an Eastern country?

What is the price roughly?

Who is the buyer?

Tell "Whiskers, London."

HAS Hungary a surplus of pigs? Is Germany after the bacon and the fats?

How much are Hungarian dealers demanding a stone?

Tell "Whiskers, London."

Who is "Whiskers"?

It is the telegraphic address of the organisation that is fighting Nazi Germany with hard cash, statistics and ledgers; the Government Department whose slowly tightening strangle-hold will destroy Nazidom as completely and perhaps more speedily than any fighting service.

It is the Ministry of Economic Warfare.

The peculiar telegraphic address was inspired by the initials of the Department—M.E.W.—and perhaps by the "cat and mouse" game it is playing with the enemy.

Headquarters of M.E.W. is the old London School of Economics in Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2, an obscure bye-street near the Law Courts.

On its staff are 200 experts, hand-picked months before war started, from the City, the Civil Service and the academic world of economics. Aiding them are about 600 secretaries, statisticians and specialists in almost every kind of trade and finance.

THE organisation costs the nation about £150,000 a year, and it is cheap at the price. For "Whiskers" can smash the whole Nazi economic system.

But it has no money of its own to spend.

When money is required for a particular operation, it calls on one of the Departments whose job it is to handle that commodity or transaction.

Take the Hungarian pigs.

The Ministry has "contacts" in every capital and trading centre throughout the world, and one of them has mentioned the price Nazis are offering for the pigs.

M.E.W. tells the Ministry of Food, suggests the exact amount by which we should outbid the Germans for that pork.

Instructions are then flashed to the British buyer in Hungary, and soon the food, badly needed by Germany, is on the way to this country.

Fighting Hitler with hard cash, statistics and ledgers, "M.E.W." is more feared by the Nazis than any other Government Department.

Among the smaller problems to be solved by "Whiskers, London" is the fate of this mongrel dog, Adolf, taken off a captured Nazi ship

WHEN the Nazis strive for a machinery order that will bring in much-needed foreign currency, "M.E.W." tells the Board of Trade, which arranges for a British firm to undercut the German price.

The Treasury guarantees this firm against loss.

Outbidding the Nazis for vital requirements in neutral markets and undercutting its world trade is one of the main functions of the Ministry.

It was to this side of its work that the Minister, Mr. R. H. Cross, was referring when he said in Parliament recently, "Every day I am making transactions which in normal times would turn a sober-headed business man's hair white in a single night."

When a foreign ship is stopped at any of Britain's three main bases, Ramsgate, Weymouth or Kirkwall, details of the cargo and the ship's manifest are flashed directly to Aldwych by telewriter.

A staff of "commodity experts" gets to work immediately.

Suppose it is a Dutch vessel with 1,000 tons of copper ore aboard consigned to an address in Belgium.

Experts search their files and find that this consignee has already bought far more copper than his home business justifies.

There can only be one destination in mind for that copper.

The experts' report, with supporting facts, is pinned to the document and sent to the Contraband Committee, which sits every day and all day at the Ministry, waiting to tackle such problems without delay.

There are two judges as well as representatives of the Admiralty, the Board of Trade, the Ministry of Shipping, the French Mission, the Ministry of Supply, and other Government Departments on this Committee.

Ships cannot be held indefinitely, and the decision whether to release or seize the cargo is telegraphed immediately to the contraband port.

A cargo is not always seized, even though it is a raw material of war and is going to a neutral country that has already bought in excess of its normal requirements.

SOMETIMES "M.E.W." communicates with the Government of the country concerned, and on receiving assurances that the goods will not go into Germany, the cargo is released.

An item like copper ore is an obvious contraband suspect, but the Department has experts whose job it is to advise on possible war uses of the most unlikely materials.

Japan resin seems innocent enough.

It is used in paint manufacture, and fiddlers use it on their bows.

Yet "M.E.W." seizes the cargo, because experts know that this resin can be converted into an extremely valuable plastic for use in warplane aircraft construction.

And the country to which it was consigned had already enough resin to paint its houses and keep its fiddlers going for a hundred years.

If there is a war use in any substance or commodity on earth, the Department's "know-alls" can advise accordingly.

Besides contraband, and trade operations in world markets, designed to strangle Germany's commerce, there is another branch of the Ministry that applies the real turn of the screw.

The Financial Pressure Section, under the direct control of Sir Frederick Leith Ross, famous roving financial ambassador of Britain, prevents all money and credits from getting to Germany.

It has its "spies" in every banking centre of the world.

IT watches the movement of money from place to place.

If a Yugo-Slav corporation is getting money for Germany from a Yokohama bank, which in turn has received credits from the United States, the "F.P. Section" will "bust up the works."

The type of "pressure" that this section uses is not known, but it must be effective.

Germany had managed to obtain or convert more than £800 millions of foreign credits in the first two years of the last War. In this war, it is doubtful whether it has succeeded in raising that number of pence.

Money is still the "sinews of war."

It is this blockade of money and the relentless stranglehold of the other Departments of the Ministry that will infallibly choke the life out of the Nazis' war effort.

The Shawl Lives On...

AUNT POLLY FOLEY, of Ramsbottom, Lancashire, is eighty-four. She has worked in cotton mills for 75 years, and to celebrate her birthday recently she put in another day's work at the looms.

In her youth Miss Foley knew the dark days of industrial England before the workers had gained the charters safeguarding their rights to-day. But she still believes in the dignity of labour.

Let girls and women go to work to-day wearing hats and coats and shoes!

Polly will have none of that dressing up. Clogs and shawl and belt are good enough for her just as they were good enough years and years ago.

Aunt Polly is one of the old brigade; proud of her years of toil, proud, too, of the clogs and shawl which to new generations of women are the outward expression of servility and servitude.

In my frailty I would be the last to condemn the lasses of Leeds or Oldham, of Bradford or of Blackburn for preferring shoes to clogs, the delight of artificial silk stockings to the roughness of wool, and the smart coat to the ugly shawl.

The girls are none the better for dressing up; nor are they any the worse.

If the Aunt Pollys of the world care to cling to clogs and shawls and flaunt them proudly as the symbols of a once dominant and domineering industry, they have every right to do so.

Argue It Out!

by

PALLAS

In these Aunt Pollys, in their tenacious grip on life, in their determination to yield ground neither to modern fashion nor modern thought, there is something at once admirable, yet forbidding.

Years ago in Blackburn I knew an "Aunt Polly."

She had a heart as big as the love that came from it.

Sunlit summer and dark winter saw her clatter bravely off to the mill. She wore clogs and a shawl.

Sometimes she was tired. But she was never too tired to feed any stray cat she picked up on the way home. She was poor, but never too poor to help someone poorer than herself.

She was never too cold or too critical to withhold from others the warm charity that was in her heart.

This Aunt Polly, her real name was Sally, died, as she had lived, in the poor little house in Witton. She died alone and lonely.

Few people, except her neighbours and some of us who had glimpsed the inner beauty of her soul, and, possibly, the starving cats, mourned her. For the Aunt Sallys of this world rarely get the requiem they deserve.

SHE could have saved money, if her purse had not been as open as her heart.

She could have forsaken the shawl and donned finer clothes, for she had wit and intelligence.

But there was something in the little streets that kept her chained there. The rattle of the looms, the gay Lancashire spirit, the grit of the people, the clatter of clogs, were all part of her life.

Not a rich life; not a full life, in terms of achievement or ambition.

Money passed her by. So in the end did the love that she gave so freely to others, and craved in full measure.

The shawl was her winding sheet; the sounding clogs were the roll of the requiem drum.

The shawl, ugly though it was, fitted the homeliness of her life. It expressed the contempt she had for those who were ashamed of shawl, clogs, the work of the mill.

She always said that a clean shawl was better than tawdry finery; that honest clogs were better than cheap, ill-fitting shoes.

She had a philosophy that would shame that of many a wise man. And she was as true to that philosophy as she was to the shawl.

These Aunt Pollys of ours are the essence of England.

Their beauty, in the dark spots of industrial Britain, shines on, symbolic flame of our old unconquerable land.

A. G. Gardiner s

The Allies have won the first They can turn with greater confidence to the—

NE

WITH the lengthening days and the approach of Spring, the world awaits the bursting of the storm.

Where will it burst? What form will it take? What countries will be involved?

On which side will they be found? What will be the issue?

In attempting a forecast of these unpredictable things, let us try to see the salient facts that have emerged from the struggle so far.

We have been at war six months. It has been waged in only one theatre.

Two mighty armies lie facing each other along the whole course of the Rhine, roughly from Switzerland to Holland; but no blow has been struck on either side.

He has Failed

The sea, and mainly the North Sea, has been the only scene of action. We have blockaded Germany, and Germany has sought to isolate us.

With the result of this first phase of the war we have no reason for dissatisfaction. Hitler needed and looked for a swift knock-out blow which would close our ports and put us out of action.

He has failed.

He has sunk a million tons of mercantile marine, both neutral and belligerent, but he has not sensibly diminished our margin of safety, for with new building, captures and purchases, the available tonnage at our disposal is little less than it was at the beginning of the war.

In a word, the security of our supplies would seem to be established beyond fear of failure.

On the other hand, the blockade has fulfilled our highest expectations.

OUR COMMAND OF THE SEA IS MORE UNCHALLENGED THAN IT WAS AT ANY PERIOD OF THE GREAT WAR.

The whole German mercantile marine has disappeared from the seas, sunk, scuttled or in hiding. Much more than a million tons of contraband has been captured and transferred to our own use. All contact between Germany and the overseas world is at an end.

There are leakages, of course. I referred to some of them last week.

But taken in the large, the blockade has been absolute. It will continue so.

This is the outstanding fact of the first six months of the war. Its bearing upon the future course of the war is obvious.

Take the vital matter of oil. It is a commonplace that this war is being and will be fought on oil.

IT IS EQUALLY A COMMONPLACE THAT GERMANY'S POSITION IN REGARD TO THIS COMMODITY IS THE WEAKEST PLACE IN HER ARMOUR.

Door is Slammed

In the year before the war over 80 per cent. of her oil imports came from the United States, Mexico and other countries overseas now shut off from her by the blockade.

Fewer than a million tons came from the

Australian troops leaving for the war zone. "It is a significant fact that they have been halted in the Near East"

ys

ounds.

W RIDDLES of the WAR

only oil-fields now open to her—Russia and Rumania.

Consider these facts in the light of her needs. Her peace time consumption of oil is estimated at six or seven million tons.

Her war consumption should be at least three times as great—say, 20 million tons.

It is known that she has been storing oil for the war for years; but there are limits to storage, and certain of the motor spirits necessary for aviation are too volatile to be stored for long.

General Winter

Even if Germany got more of the Rumanian and Russian oil than she got in the past it would still be a drop in the bucket as compared with the 80 per cent. from overseas.

Nor is it certain that she will get more—Russia's own needs have grown so great that she has little oil for export, and her vast expenditure of oil in Finland makes her less than ever able to meet the gigantic requirements of Hitler.

Add to this the complete paralysis of transport by river or rail during the weeks of the great frost, and it will be apparent that the fear of an oil famine is one of the chief nightmares of Hitler.

A by-product of this fear is the internal breakdown of transport in Germany which the first six months of the war have revealed.

That Hitler had sacrificed the upkeep of the railroads to the manufacture of guns and armaments, the making of great military roads and the building of vainglorious palaces was known; but the extent of the failure has thrown new demands on motor transport at a time when oil is more precious than rubies

It Suits Us!

The second most striking fact of the war is that at the end of six months the *Blitzkrieg* has vanished in smoke.

Not a German air raid in force has been made. Not a German soldier is on French soil, and Hitler is faced with the thing he most dreaded—a long war.

All his efforts to drive a wedge between the Allies have failed, and Britain and France stand more solidly shoulder to shoulder than at any time during the Great War.

The stalemate on the Western front suits our book, for we can wait.

It is fatal to Hitler, not only in a military sense but in a moral sense.

His prestige rests on nothing but the belief that he is invincible. He has behind him a hungry, expectant people, fed on lies and promises that he will make them masters of the world.

HE MUST GIVE THEM VICTORIES AND GIVE THEM SOON, OR THE COLOSSAL IMPOSTURE WILL BE EXPOSED AND HE WILL FALL.

He has failed at sea. He must now strike on land. Where?

It was said at the beginning of the war that he was prepared to sacrifice a million men in storming the Maginot Line.

But to-day, with the experience of the Russians before the Mannerheim Line as a warning, that ghastly adventure can hardly be contemplated.

If he contemplated it, the military staff, who are beginning to dilute his dictatorship, would probably rebel.

If a frontal attack on the Maginot Line is ruled out, the only possible offensive stroke in the West is an enveloping movement from the south or the north, or both.

That means the invasion of Holland and Belgium and possibly of Switzerland.

Twice the invasion of Holland has been imminent, and twice the blow has been countermanded.

It may fall yet. If it does the war will take its shape from that fact, and the fields of Flanders will once more be the battle-ground of Europe.

There is an alternative. Hitler may conclude that an attack in the West is too great a gamble.

On Two Fronts

He may decide to stand pat behind the Siegfried Line and change the main theatre of the war to another stage—that of South-Eastern Europe.

THAT WOULD BE A DESPERATE GAMBLE TOO—FOR IT WOULD MEAN THE THING HE HAS MOST FEARED—A WAR ON TWO FRONTS.

He would still have to leave the chief mass of his army to defend the Siegfried Line, and the strain upon his transport involved in a formidable plunge towards the Black Sea is one that could not be lightly faced.

But this stroke has always been on the cards.

Fortunately, the Allies have had time to prepare for it, and the situation among the Balkan States is vastly more hopeful than it was six months ago.

There is now a fairly solid *bloc* under the leadership of Turkey, and for months past the strength of the Allies all round the eastern Mediterranean from Egypt to Greece has been increasing.

Two events in the last week or so have thrown a flash-light on the menace in the Near East.

One is the discovery and thwarting of the German plot to steal the Turkish submarines at Istanbul.

Lorries of war materials captured by the Finns. They are part of the bitter lesson that Stalin is learning

The other is the significant fact that the first Anzac troops to arrive from Australasia have been halted in the Near East and dispatched to quarters in Palestine.

The possibility of the coming storm bursting in South-Eastern Europe depends chiefly upon the relations of the two gangsters.

Hitler would not dare to make so hazardous a plunge without feeling secure of Stalin's support.

Has he that security? The two brigands have a common hatred of democracy, but they have no common affection for each other.

IT IS A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE WHICH WILL BE DISSOLVED WHEN DISSOLUTION SERVES THE PURPOSE OF EITHER.

It is ar illuminating fact that Hitler's new edition of "Mein Kampf" for the troops contains all the original insults to the Bolshevik "scum" and all his designs upon Russian territory.

As for Stalin, he has no wish to get involved in a general war, and the lesson he is learning in Finland will not encourage him to seek new adventures to save his fellow criminal at Berlin.

Stalin's Doubts

Nor is his hatred and distrust of Hitler less than Hitler's hatred and distrust of him.

That is why he is concentrating innumerable divisions of the Red Army along the new Russo-German frontier in Poland and why he is building fortifications on the Maginot Line model along that frontier.

That, too, is why even the technicians brought from Germany are kept like prisoners under the eye of the Ogpu and its agents.

I do not pretend to have answered the questions with which I started, but I hope I have thrown a little light on the circumstances from which the answer will come.

Mr. Solly takes command

From the moment he reached down that gilded cap and tried it on, Mr. Solly was lost. The cap fitted to perfection . . .

Complete Story by C. H. FRANK

WAR must be blamed for Mr. Solly's remarkable escapade. The black-out preyed on his mind, and rationing sapped his patience. His little shop, once a marvel of busyness, found its trade cut by 50 per cent.

Mr. Solly grew daily more harassed, more irritable.

He had been used to a thriving commerce in grocery. He had sold butter by the hundredweight, eggs by the thousand, and cheese by the ton. At least, that is what he would tell you.

Now he had to dole out butter in miserly quarters, cheese was held in New Zealand, and eggs were at a premium.

Mr. Solly's smiling face became the home of gloom. He grew sharp with his customers. He tossed them half-pounds of sugar with an insulting, take-it-or-leave-it air. And when he put up his shutters at night he would glare at the darkened street.

"Oh, what's the good," he would mutter, savagely, "what's the good of anything?"

Once he had closed his shop peace would descend upon Mr. Solly. He lived alone, and was among those lucky mortals who find enchantment in the printed word.

Let him open the covers of a book and he was in another world—a world in which he shouted orders in a roaring, salt-water voice, was called from his bunk to take charge of the ship in a fog, or presided benignly in the captain's chair over the saloon dinner table.

FOR Mr. Solly read exclusively of men who go down to the sea in ships.

His room was full of books technical and books merely entertaining, from Small's "Deep Sea Navigation" to Melville's "Moby Dick." He read them wistfully, with a secret longing, with an inner conviction that he had missed his vocation.

What a captain, what a clinking salt-water man he would have made, given the chance!

Certainly no layman ever made a more thorough study of the sea than Mr. Solly. He knew the principles of navigation from A to Z. He was familiar with the details of a captain's work from lifting the anchor to docking the ship.

More and more, in these war days, he carried his secret passion with him into the shop. Supposedly checking up your order, Mr. Solly would be lost in a day-dream.

He would absent-mindedly offer you sugar instead of soap. And did he by chance weigh up a pound of soda instead of sultanas, you may depend on it that he was away on the bridge of some sea-scarred freighter plunging through the far Pacific.

Now it is not surprising that Mr. Solly blew up. For he was a sensitive soul, harassed by a flood of new regulations, shorter trading hours, dwindling returns, the difficulty of getting stocks.

War-strain can play all sorts of havoc with the human organism. And it played havoc with Mr. Solly. It turned him at one stroke from a sober, somewhat sedate citizen of forty-five into a reckless, posturing hobbledehoy, a vain popinjay, and an audacious impostor.

Mr. Solly read in the local newspaper of a sale. Sales didn't interest him as a rule, but this one set him on fire. It was a sale of the effects of a dead sea captain, and the effects included a ship's chronometer, a fine marine telescope, a quantity of seamanship manuals, and a sextant.

The sale was due to start at three o'clock on a Wednesday afternoon, and as that was his early closing day it fitted in with his plans.

Mr. Solly put on his bowler hat and sallied forth on Wednesday afternoon. He walked briskly. The prospect of securing a parcel of seamanship manuals and a fine marine telescope once used by an actual ship's master filled him with excitement.

He arrived half an hour before the sale, received a catalogue from a man with watery eyes and a green baize apron, and collected some scraps of information about the departed captain

He had died alone, with no relatives to mourn him. His will directed that his effects be sold for the benefit of the seamen's home. Everything was as it stood, down to the last picture on the walls. And presently Mr. Solly, absorbedly poking around, stood in a bedroom the bedroom in which the captain had made port for the last time

There was a photograph of the captain over the mantelpiece, a fine, upstanding man with resolute eyes. Perhaps Mr. Solly felt the captain's presence. Perhaps the captain was hanging around to note the destination of his telescope and chronometer.

ANYWAY, Mr. Solly obeyed an impulse to doff his bowler hat and stand for a while in silence. Then, opening the door of a wardrobe, his heart leaped to a deep thrill.

There it was, the complete regalia of a master mariner. The cap, with its crossed anchors and oak leaves, the suit with its brass buttons and gold braid. Instantly, Mr. Solly was seized with desire.

From the moment he reached down that gilded cap and tried it on, Mr. Solly was lost. The cap fitted to perfection.

He put on a stern look, glimpsed himself in the mirror with a severe eye, and squared his wide shoulders. Thus he had always seen himself in his day-dreams, and it came home to him with a pang of sadness that grocery had robbed him of his true heritage.

No less than any of us did the love of dressing-up move Mr Solly. And with him the thing went deeper. That he should by all rights have been Captain Solly was a tenacious inner conviction that almost brought him to desperation at times.

NOW nothing would satisfy him but the whole suit.

In addition to the fine marine telescope and the ship's chronometer, Mr. Solly bought the five-foot oak wardrobe with contents. And that night, in the privacy of his book-lined room, he promoted himself at one blow to a master mariner.

Proudly he viewed the gold braid on his sleeve in the cheval glass, and noted how his manly chest set off the double row of brass buttons.

No one, least of all this would-be seaman, could have foreseen to what heights of craziness his captain's rig would lift him. But soon the pleasures of privy command waned.

Mr. Solly craved an audience.

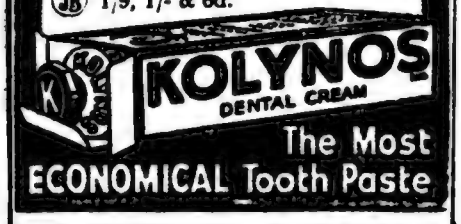
More and more he was seduced by a

(Continued on page 24)

Spotlight on Charm

If the dull and unattractive condition of your teeth is robbing you of your charm try KOLYNOS. To-day, more than ever before, a happy smile is appreciated—and remembered. So use KOLYNOS, the refreshing tooth paste and your teeth will be whiter, brighter and sparkling with new lustre.

Of all Chemists and Stores 1/9, 1/- & 6d.



The Most ECONOMICAL Tooth Paste

Guinness tickles the palate

—hence the smile

"I have recommended Guinness for some twenty years," writes a doctor, "especially for those who return home 'dead tired' and disinclined for food." "Guinness sharpens up the appetite wonderfully," writes another.

Even the taste of Guinness—so clean and invigorating—helps to bring appetite.

Have a Guinness after work and *enjoy* your evening meal.

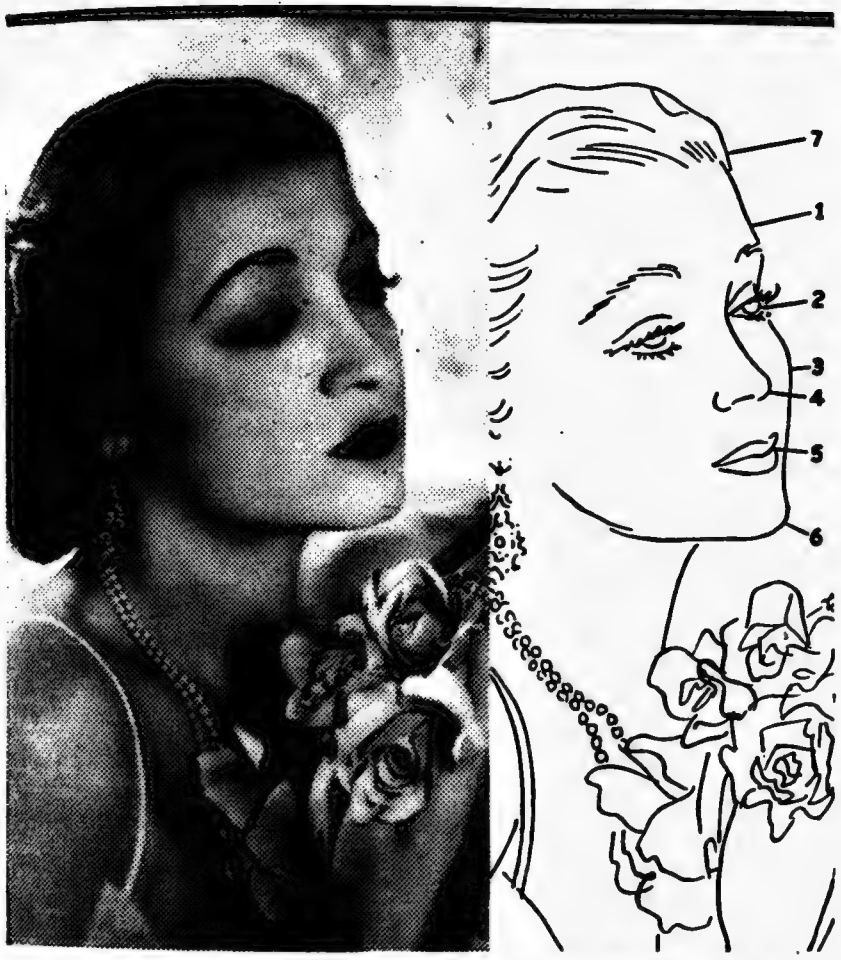
The above extracts from doctors' letters are quoted by special permission. G.E.9/40.E.

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

"Now, more than ever before, I'm thankful for this easy Beauty care"

SAYS

LADY DOVERDALE



Lady Doverdale has taken up nursing as her war-work. She says: "Life is so busy that I haven't time for beauty treatments. So now, more than ever, I'm thankful for Pond's Creams—they keep my skin beautifully soft and smooth."

Analysis of LADY DOVERDALE'S *features*

(1) *Shape of Face:* Heart-shaped, with a broad, smooth brow.

(2) *Eyes:* Large, blue-grey, fringed with long, dark, curling lashes; the eyelids smooth and delicate.

(3) *Cheeks:* Smooth, rounded, with transparently fair skin.

(4) *Nose:* Classically straight, with very white skin. No large pores or blackheads.

(5) *Mouth:* Attractively wide with turned-up corners.

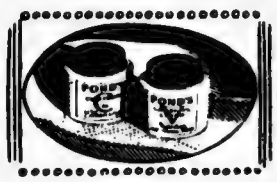
(6) *Chin:* Short and well-modelled, with velvety white skin.

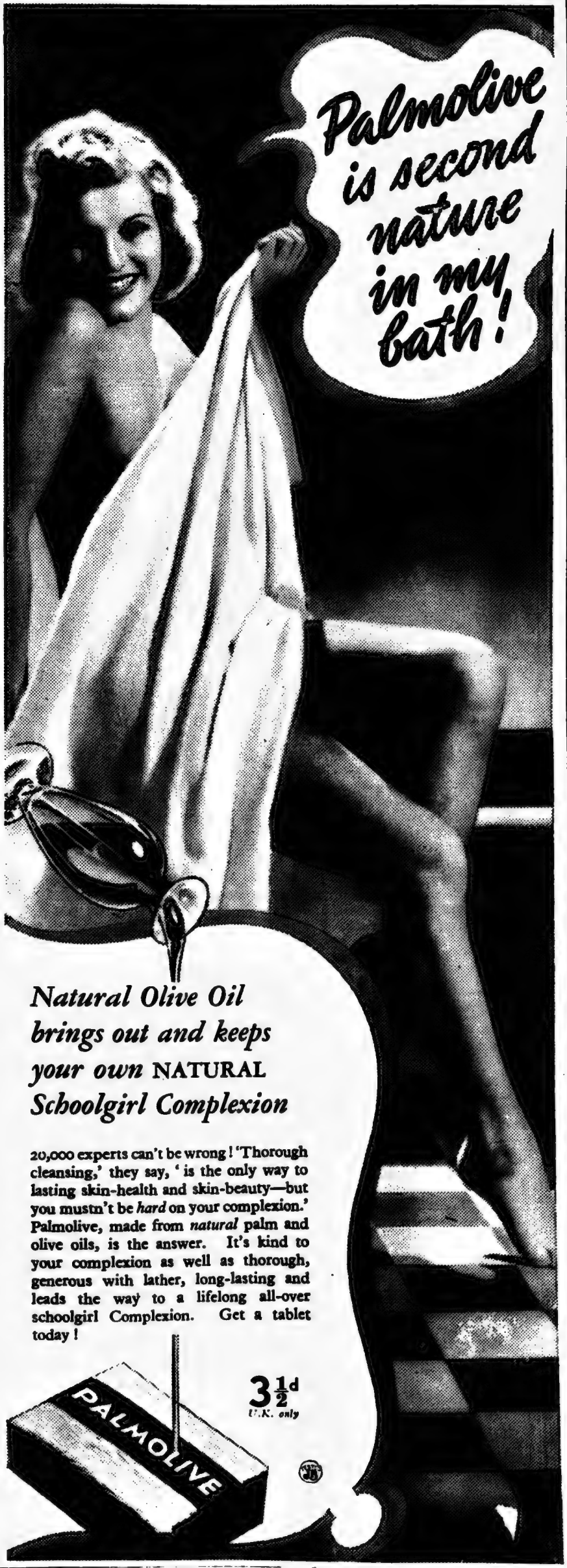
(7) *Hair:* Very bright and silky, worn in loose brown curls on the neck.

Smoothly perfect as young magnolia petals, Lady Doverdale's glorious complexion owes much of its beauty to Pond's Creams. For, as she has proved, those creams create and enhance skin-loveliness, making it fine and smooth, keeping it healthy and free from blemishes, preserving its colour.

Use Pond's Creams daily and see how little "worry" lines are smoothed away—how quickly blackheads disappear and coarse pores close up! See sallowness vanish, leaving your complexion fresh and clear. In just a few weeks your skin will have the radiance that springs from natural healthiness.

Pond's Cold Cream is for cleansing your skin—use it every night. Pond's Vanishing Cream is for daytime use—it protects the skin, smooths away roughness, makes powder cling for hours. . . . Pond's Creams are sold in tubes and jars.

POND'S  CREAMS



Natural Olive Oil brings out and keeps your own NATURAL *Schoolgirl Complexion*

20,000 experts can't be wrong! 'Thorough cleansing,' they say, 'is the only way to lasting skin-health and skin-beauty—but you mustn't be *hard* on your complexion.' Palmolive, made from *natural* palm and olive oils, is the answer. It's kind to your complexion as well as thorough, generous with lather, long-lasting and leads the way to a lifelong all-over schoolgirl Complexion. Get a tablet today!

3½d
U.K. only

"IT'S A JOB FEEDING 3 BONNY YOUNGSTERS IN THESE HARD TIMES" SAYS MRS. WILSON OF NOTTINGHAM

More Mummy, please! Three hungry, smiling little mouths—and Pa's getting ready for a second cup, too!

MRS. WILSON "MANAGES" HER WAR-TIME BUDGET LIKE THIS

	£	s.	d.
Rent		9	7
Gas and Lighting		2	6
Insurance		1	1
Food	1	15	0
Clothes		3	0
Husband's fares and expenses		5	4
Sundries (entertainment, etc.)		3	6
	£3	0	0

This housewife knows her family's war-time nourishment is increased because she's proved for herself that

ROWNTREE'S COCOA AIDS DIGESTION

"WE'RE a healthy crowd," said Mrs. Wilson, "you should just see my hubby for physical fitness! He works very hard in coal-face (so we get coal free), and he comes home fairly roaring for his food! But there, so do the three kids.

"However, I manage to keep them nourished — even if three pounds isn't much with prices getting higher all the time! You see, the whole family drink Rowntree's Cocoa with their meals, and I've found that Rowntree's helps them digest their food better, and at the same time is economical, because it makes all the food they eat with it go further!"

* * *

ROWNTREE'S COCOA IS A FOOD, made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it is not only more digestible and nourishing itself — it helps people to digest all their other food *more quickly* and *with less effort*. This means children get more nourishment out of their meals — put on *extra* bone and muscle.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA IS RICH IN COCOA BUTTER. This high-percentage fat-content — not present in other well-known mealtime beverages — is particularly important at this time, when mothers of families are faced with butter rationing.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA HAS A LOVELY, RICH CHOCOLATY FLAVOUR. Half a teaspoonful makes one cup — so it's more economical than ordinary cocoa and "chocolate" drinks. And, because it's "pre-digested," when taken before bed, Rowntree's not only warms you, but also helps your supper to "go down better." This helps you to get deeper, sounder sleep.

Tummies well satisfied, the Wilson youngsters take a rest! Who'd believe that eldest girl was only 8 years old!

ROWNTREE'S COCOA *Aids digestion*

MAKES EVERY MEAL GO FURTHER

3-Minute Mystery

Bomb by Post

"It was you who killed Captain Thomas," said the Intelligence Officer

WHEN Captain Connolly started investigating the murder of Captain Thomas, a brother Intelligence officer, he went to look at the remains of what had been the other man's office.

"No wonder the bomb killed him," he remarked to the explosives expert who was poking around in the debris. "It's almost wrecked the place entirely! Have you found out yet where it was planted?"

The expert smoothed out the front of a strong manilla envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp.

"IT came by post," he said. "Look at this! The front is intact, and you see the outline of the metal case of the bomb. There's a fragment of cotton still gummed to the flap. That makes it look as though the cotton held up a plunger, which fell when Captain Thomas tried to open the envelope."

"Have you been able to fix the time of the explosion?"

"It took place at 10.52, just after that chap Murphy went out. You know the fellow.

"He was supplying Captain Thomas with the information, and he was the only visitor this morning. Incidentally, he's still outside, if you'd like to see him."

"I think I would," said Connolly, making his way to the outer office.

Murphy appeared to be a shifty individual.

"Captain Thomas told me something about you," remarked Connolly. "You were acting as an under-cover agent, weren't you?"

"Yes, that's right. I was helping the Captain round up the men who were trying to break into the arsenal."

"WHEN you saw Captain Thomas this morning, what was he doing?"

"Going through his mail."

"And did you notice a large, manilla envelope amongst it?"

"I can't say I did. I didn't take much notice."

"Have you got any theories about how this explosion might've occurred?"

"The Captain was getting near to the men who were planning the raid on the arsenal, and I guess they sent him the bomb, through the post, to get rid of him," was the answer.

"You wouldn't be one of the men concerned, would you?" Connolly asked. "It was you who killed Captain Thomas. I'm arresting you on a charge of Wilful Murder!"

WHY DID HE ARREST MURPHY?

(See page 28.)

Continuing Short Story from page 22

Hero Into Hiding

mind-picture of himself sailing along the promenade at Barsea like a full-rigged ship, followed by the envious glances of less fortunate men, and the admiration of the fair.

No sooner did he come to his decision than he set about carrying it into effect. Mr. Solly was not without money. To a reasonable extent he could afford to carry out his whims. And on the following Wednesday afternoon he took the train for Barsea, some forty miles away.

Within an hour of his arrival he had rented a furnished bungalow on the front. He paid three months' rent in advance, and gave the name of Captain Chambers. Before he left Barsea for his native town he conveyed his uniform to a local tailor.

Not cleaning and pressing would meet his requirements by any means: Captain Chambers should walk abroad in the splendour of new gold braid and brass buttons.

There was no dealing with Mr. Solly during the ensuing week.

If his body was in the shop his mind was in Barsea, and his body played the most improbable tricks with customers' orders. But at last Wednesday came round again, and Mr. Solly, feverish with excitement, closed his shop an hour early and fairly ran to the station.

PICTURE Mr. Solly, then, attired in all the consequence of command, a creature of pomp and circumstance, traversing the Barsea promenade some two hours later. The elements had done their best to provide a handsome setting. Black clouds jostled each other in the western sky, a gale blew, and the seas were behaving rampageously with the rocky strand.

Mr. Solly was aware that he made a fine figure.

He noted out of his eye-corner the turning of heads as he passed by with the fine marine telescope under his arm, and the stern look of an old sea-dog on his clean-shaven face.

Joy moved in him.

This was his day, and he turned into the saloon bar of the "Jolly Sailor" with the air of a man who had taken grave decisions in the far corners of the world.

A man eyed him with interest as he entered. The interest was natural, for the man, as Mr. Solly saw, was a captain like himself. It was inevitable that they should get into conversation, and soon Mr. Solly was embarked on a story concerning the perversity of his last ship.

"She rolled like an old candlebox," he asserted. "Roll? I never came across such a waggon. Shouldn't have been surprised if she'd rolled in dry dock. What are you drinking, captain?"

Captain Kelly was drinking whisky.

They swopped yarns.

Mr. Solly was in his element. There was a subtle charm about this sort of conversation that convinced him more and more that he was intended to hob-nob with men of the sea. But presently the exigencies of Captain Kelly's profession called him away.

"I run the *Barsea Belle* over to South-end," he explained. "We sail at four o'clock. Like to come along?"

Mr. Solly accepted with alacrity. There was nothing new to him about the bridge of a ship. In a life devoted to the grocery trade he had found time to command ships by the score. This was his niche, and he fitted it like a glove.

Not willingly would Mr. Solly forgo the pleasure that he felt as the shore receded. Here he was, at sea, with the ship alive under his feet lifting her bows to the white horses. It was the first of many such trips. Every succeeding Wednesday saw Captain Chambers on the bridge of the *Barsea Belle*.

MORE he could not expect, and never hoped for. But the Fates have a way of giving the queerest twists to the stories of such men as Mr. Solly.

One Wednesday the *Barsea Belle* sailed short of her first mate. Big seas were running. Half an hour later her commander lay at the bottom of the bridge ladder with a broken leg. And Mr. Solly heard the startling sequel with a shock of dismay.

"Will you take charge, Chambers?"

Mr. Solly knew well what depended on his answer. He was sailing under false colours. If anything happened to the ship with him in command it meant prison for the bogus Captain Chambers. Above all, it meant the contempt of his friend Captain Kelly, and for himself an unbearable shame.

Yet Mr. Solly spoke up like a seaman. This was not the time to hesitate.

"Certainly, old man. I'll take her in."

Mr. Solly, supreme on his bridge, was lifted up. He forgot everything else. Here he was a king, a despot, a final arbiter of lives. He even forgot the war until, with a snarl, the aircraft was on them. At once he pressed the button giving the alarm.

The day was suddenly filled with the rattle of machine-guns and the cries of women running to cover. Stupefied, Mr. Solly saw his own gunner fall.

Was this real?

It was.

SO real that Mr. Solly read in his newspaper the next morning of the fame that had come to Captain Chambers. Single-handed, that dauntless mariner had brought down a Nazi 'plane, as he took the place of his wounded gunner. Wistfully, he stared at the headlines.

"Where is Captain Chambers?" asked the *Daily Leader*. "Hero of sea-fight disappears."

Sadly Mr. Solly put the kettle on for his breakfast. He could have enlightened the *Daily Leader*. Captain Chambers was dead, dead and buried. The pity of it, thought Mr. Solly, the bitterness of it, that a man should be cut off in the moment of his glory.

He carried this ironic thought with him into the street. It was going to be a fine day. A flashing sun glared down upon him. Mr. Solly glared back. But he wasn't really unhappy. He had had his day. And what a day!

PEOPLE WHO CRACK UP UNDER WAR STRAIN

belong to the
2nd and 3rd Sleep Groups

There are 3 Sleep Groups

1st SLEEP GROUP
The people who are best fortified to stand war strain belong to this Group. Their sleep is the kind that restores body, nerves and brain completely. They may spend only 5 or 6 hours in bed and yet are never handicapped by "nerves" or tiredness. Theirs is the thoroughly refreshing 1st Group Sleep that everyone should have and that Horlicks gives.

2nd SLEEP GROUP
This Group is made up of people who seem to sleep well enough yet find it impossible to stand up to war worry and anxiety. They get tired easily, feel "nervy," can't keep their mind on things. The reason is that excess acid waste products in the blood *activate* their brain and nerves at night. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

3rd SLEEP GROUP
The people who are least able to stand war strain belong to this Group. They sleep badly—can't get to sleep, lie awake at night, or wake tired in the morning. Their trouble is the same as that of people in Group 2, to an even greater degree. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition, ensures 1st Group Sleep.

WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

HOW are you taking the war? It's a curious fact that some people suffer much more than others from war strain. Even though they sleep 8 or 9 hours every night they feel depressed, "nervy" and tired.

Scientists explain it by pointing out that a great many people belong to the wrong sleep group. We are all classified into three levels or groups of sleep.

Those in the 1st Sleep Group get perfect rest for their brain and nerves even from a short night's sleep. They find they can stand up splendidly to war worry and anxiety.

But the trouble with people in the 2nd and 3rd Sleep Groups is that their brain and nerves are kept active all night by the body's excess acid waste products, which accumulate in the blood.

Scientists, experimenting with various foods and drinks, discovered that Horlicks alone completely neutralized those excess acid waste products. Taken at bedtime, Horlicks gives body, nerves and brain complete repose, and ensures 1st Group Sleep every night.

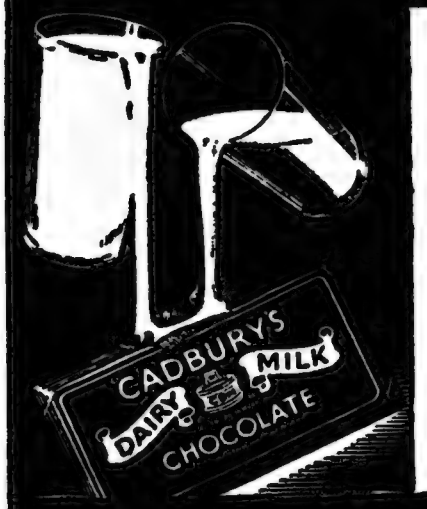
Start taking Horlicks tonight. This nourishing, well-balanced food will neutralize the acid waste products that keep nerves and brain active during sleep, thus guarding against Night Starvation. See how much more energetic and hopeful you will feel. The longer the war lasts, the more urgently you need the restful, restorative 1st Group Sleep that Horlicks bestows.

Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS

at bedtime gives you 1st Group Sleep

IF IT'S CHOCOLATE THEN IT'S FOOD



There's a glass-and-a-half of fresh, full-cream milk in every ¼ lb block of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate. It's the world's most delicious way of giving yourself quick energy.

CADBURY'S

MILK CHOCOLATE

'feeds you on your feet'

ACES of the SECRET SERVICE —3— By LOUIS MANSFIELD

"Canteen Ma"—

An unromantic, ugly old vegetable hawker was the wily "No. 3," Britain's greatest woman spy of the last war

"And another German battery would be destroyed when Romany sent details of its position to British Intelligence headquarters"

NAZI leaders have been warning their soldiers about beautiful English and French women spies eager to seduce "brave German warriors" from their duty!

These Nazi leaders, their muddled minds full of visions of glamorous women spies, would have been surprised had they seen Romany ("Canteen Ma") Rondeel, the wily "No. 3," England's greatest woman spy.

I don't know how old Romany was.

She looked as though she was in her sixties. She was broken by years of soul-destroying hard work and child-bearing.

She had a weather-beaten face, as hard as a hatchet.

She also had a heart of pure gold, the courage of a lion, and a shrewd, brilliant mind that outwitted the calculating brains of the German Secret Service for four years.

Her organising ability made possible the existence of "The Heroic Chain of Flanders" and "The Safety-Pin Men," amazing bands of secret agents that did so much to destroy Germany from behind the lines.

Through her brilliant planning, "The Heroic Chain" smuggled more than 35,000 British agents, escaped prisoners of war and men of military age out of the German-occupied territories between 1915 and 1918.

During that time Romany's organisation sent more than 500,000 secret reports on German troop movements, concentrations, plans, projected offensives and lines of communication to British Intelligence!

YET it was a fluke that Romany ever became a spy.

When Germans invaded Belgium two of her sons were called to the Colours.

The subsequent "break through" enveloped her little farmhouse in Swevezeele, on the main Bruges-Courtrai road, cutting her off from all news of her boys.

That didn't suit Romany.

Invaders might prohibit all newspapers, they might close all post and telegraph offices, but, she still said, "No damned 'knub' is going to stop me writing to my boys!"

She promptly smuggled letters into Holland and had them readdressed to her sons in the front line, arranging to collect the answers by the same route.

In the months that followed she gradually extended her operations until she was playing "postman" for every mother in the district who had a son with the Colours.

Romany was scratching a living for her large and hungry brood by buying vegetables from surrounding farms and selling them in towns.

Her best customer was the German Quartermaster-Sergeant Schmidt, at Roulers, who made a practice of ordering huge quantities of stuff and paying cash on the nail.

Schmidt was a friendly fellow and Romany sensed his sympathies lay with the invaded, not the invaders.

WHEN the two had become friendly in 1915, Schmidt approached her with a letter.

"Look, Romany," he explained. "My wife's in Holland. I haven't heard a word from her for twelve months. I know you're slipping letters over for Madame Alphonse, and one or two others. Won't you send this over for me and get me a reply? It's nothing private. You can read it if you like!"

Romany smelt a rat.

It looked too much like a trap. Still, she couldn't believe that Schmidt meant any harm.

Anyway, a private letter to a wife didn't constitute espionage.

"I'll try," she said. "But don't blame me if it doesn't get through. It'll take about a week to get an answer."

A week later Romany delivered the reply from the Quartermaster-Sergeant's wife. She forwarded four similar letters in the following weeks.

Schmidt purposely waylaid Romany on a quiet stretch of the Courtrai road towards the end of November.

"I have something to tell you, Romany," he explained. "And I have a proposition to put to you, too, but you must swear that if you turn it down you'll never breathe a word of it to anyone."

"I'll give you my oath by Our Lady of the Palisades."

Schmidt flicked some imaginary dust from the sleeve of his German uniform with a wry grin.

"I'm an officer of British Military Intelligence," he said, "and I've been finding it difficult to get my reports through. Those letters you've been carrying were to Headquarters asking their permission to send reports by whichever way it is that you get your letters through."

SCHMIDT paused momentarily.

"'Headquarters' has authorised me to enlist you and your assistants in the Intelligence Service," he continued.

"It'll be your jobs to see these reports get through quickly, and to keep your ears open for information. What about it?"

Romany's thoughts flew to a disabled, crippled husband, brutally shot on his own doorstep.

"It's a deal," she said. "When do we start?"

"Immediately! The 'knubs' have been concentrating men in Roulers and Thielt until our forces are outnumbered about 10 to 1. I must let Field Headquarters know right away. The message must go to-night!"

"Get it ready. I'll collect it on my way home. I'll send Manton Devany with it. He's the best man. It'll be delivered to your Field Headquarters within twenty-four hours!"

That report was the first of many.

In the beginning, British Intelligence looked on Romany Rondeel merely as a carrier for the precious reports.

In a few months she was to become the most capable woman agent, and by the middle of 1916 the experts who warmed the leather chairs at Intelligence Headquarters came to know her as "No. 3 in Flanders." From vegetable hawker to "No. 3" of British Intelligence in Flanders in eight months.

ROMANY enlisted trustworthy friends and customers, taking care to concentrate on those who had special reasons for hating the invaders.

In almost every second house she found a sympathiser prepared to pass on tit-bits of information heard during the day.

She "planted" waitresses in estaminets visited by troops, servants in the houses where German officers were billeted and nurses in hospitals behind the lines.

(Continued on page 28)

IT'S UP TO YOU TO GET A CORRECT FITTING says H.L.S.

So, choose a shop selling "Wearra" Shoes for Men, and be sure of shoes that really do fit your feet.

"Wearra" Shoes are in half-sizes, with choice of slim, medium and broad in each (which means you get the right length and width).

Made on the American principle by British labour from finest British hides.

IN TAN OR BLACK CALF

THREE SMART STYLES

Wearra MULTIPLE FITTING

SHOES FOR MEN

Send a post card for free illustrated booklet "Footwear since the world began" also name of local stockist to

Manufacturers: JOHN SHORTLAND LTD. Dept. JB Irthlingborough, NORTHAMPTONshire.

Do they bleed?

THAT'S DANGEROUS

BLEEDING GUMS! that's the first sign that your teeth are in danger, the first sign of gum-rot (pyorrhœa) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis). These are the diseases which so often result in the extraction of perfectly sound, white teeth. But you *can* guard against this danger by using Gibbs S.R. Toothpaste. It contains Sodium Ricinoleate, which dentists use in their surgeries for preventing and curing gum diseases. Get Gibbs S.R. to-day—use it twice daily—and keep your gums healthy and your teeth sparkling white!

GIBBS S.R. TOOTHPASTE

—saves your teeth because it's good for your gums

1/3 and now 6D too!

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1

GR 55-744-60

You don't have to boil clothes now!

Washing done far more quickly. Drying starts 1½ hours earlier. Fuel saved. Clothes wear better.

HERE'S news so good that some women refuse to believe it at first: ***It's absolutely unnecessary now to boil clothes!***

All over Britain women are turning to Rinso and proving for themselves that this marvellous news is true. They have found—as *you* will find—that clothes can be *soaked* clean in a few minutes *if you use Rinso.*

No rubbing is needed before the soak. Just smooth a little dry Rinso on any grubby places. Then—just that short soak in warm Rinso suds and the clothes come out *spotless!*

No more drudgery

Yes, *drudgery* of washday has gone for ever! You need *never* again spend most of the day in steam and washday smell. *Never* again wear yourself out on that back-breaking rubbing. *Never* again have puffy, washday hands. There's *no* hard rubbing with this Rinso method.

An average wash (50 pieces) is finished one and a half hours earlier this way. Think what it means to get your heavy things, such as sheets and bath towels, out to dry one and a half hours earlier!

Think of the fuel you'll save, too—over an hour's fuel every washday! That's money saved.

Clothes last one-third longer

What's more, clothes wear better when washed this new way. It has now been found that whites go greyish because long boiling week after week "sets" the dirt in the fabric. And hard rubbing wears the threads thin. In fact, tests prove that the old-fashioned method actually reduces the potential life of a garment by one-third!

So change next washday to Rinso and this wonderful quick method which saves work, fuel and the clothes themselves. Remember, your whole wash is safe in Rinso. 3½d., 6d. or 1/- (Giant).

NEW METHOD: Sort out your ordinarily dirty whites and put them into the copper in cool Rinso suds. Let them soak for about 15 minutes while the suds warm up, then take them out. Now into the same suds put your extra-dirty whites. Damp any very grubby places and smooth in a little dry Rinso. Let this second batch soak for about 20 minutes while the suds continue to warm up. In this way you save at least half the fuel you ordinarily use. When you take the clothes out, the water will be hot—but not nearly boiling. Yet the clothes will be dazzling. *And the suds can then be used AGAIN for general cleaning.*

SOAKS DISHES CLEAN, TOO—IN THREE MINUTES!

GIVE your dishes a 3-minute soak in Rinso suds. This soaks off all grease and stains. There's no scum. China and glass sparkle. A teaspoonful of Rinso is enough in a big washing-up bowl.

NO BOILING NOW WITH RINSO

R 2889-364-55 R. S. Hudson Limited, London

Against heavy wartime odds—

WOMEN NEED THIS TONIC

With families broken up . . . and extra wartime problems to face, women may easily drift into a dangerously over-tired and over-strained condition. The finest way to build the extra resistance you need to safeguard health, nerves and looks is to fortify yourself regularly with Wincarnis, the stimulating restorative Tonic Wine.

ACTS IN ONE MINUTE. Wincarnis cheers and rests you AT ONCE—pours iron, rich beef and malt extracts and two kinds of vitamins into your system. Wincarnis, the quick action tonic, is backed by 26,000 medical recommendations.

WINCARNIS her regular pick-me-up *'I have enjoyed it very much and feel revived after taking a glass when tired or exhausted.'* *B.A.M.*

Health is priceless

WINCARNIS

Costs only 6/6 & 3/9

OXO

First Aid for the Larder

Add Oxo to your cooking daily. Oxo helps you to get that *extra* nourishment you need in these trying times and you'll enjoy the *extra* richness and improved flavour. Put Oxo on your shopping list to-day—adds food value.

Continuing "Canteen Ma" from page 26

Big Push Foiled

Romany had her secret agents everywhere.

Once a day she delivered vegetables and collected information.

Each night she sorted out the dozens of tit-bits and collated a lengthy report to be smuggled over the lines.

British Intelligence placed so much trust in her that not only were Quartermaster-Sergeant Schmidt's reports entrusted to her safe keeping, but also those of every other spy in the district.

Romany had invented a clever ruse for keeping track of German troop movements.

Her cart was always stocked with those things most in demand among the troops, and she made herself as friendly as possible with the soldiers.

When she noticed that these men were missing from the district she would put out a "feeler" among the newly arrived soldiers.

"Where's 'Big Fritz' these days?" she would ask. "I haven't seen him around for some time."

"'Big Fritz'? Oh, he's singing his songs to the Tommies behind Amiens now."

Then she would know that a machine-gun unit had moved up, and she would be able to tell British Headquarters that night what part of the line was being held by a battalion of crack German gunners.

"Canteen Ma's" master-stroke was the complete dislocation of the Wurtemburg Army's autumn offensive.

From the huge ammunition dump being prepared alongside the Roulers railway line, Romany could see something was in the wind, and it did not take her long to discover that the Germans were planning a lightning offensive, hoping to push forward before the weather broke, so they could have the winter to consolidate their positions.

When she reported this the Allied High Command was thrown into consternation. They had been planning a large-scale offensive to take place the following Spring.

If the German thrust proved successful, their own "push" was doomed.

The German attack just *had* to be stopped.

Romany was asked to prepare a plan either to block the proposed German offensive, or at least to make it abortive, and at the same time she was told that an English spy, Jean Nestor, would be dropped by parachute on Odil Vreak's farm the following night.

Romany picked Jean Nestor up on the road running past Odil Vreak's farm, hid him under a pile of vegetables and smuggled him to her house at Swevezeele, announcing that he was a nephew who had come to stay a few days.

Romany decided that her only hope lay in blasting the Roulers munition dump sky-high, thus destroying supplies intended for the offensive.

"I'll see if I can sneak into the high explosives magazine and set a packet of gun-cotton with a delay-action fuse," said Jean Nestor.

"It's not going to be quite so easy as that," Romany remonstrated. "The place is surrounded by sentries. We'll have to draw 'em off."

"How do you propose to do that?"

"Well, the 'knubs' have a rule that when the 'Dangerous Fire' call sounds everyone within hearing must answer it. I'll get Manton Devany and 'Umbrella Phil' to set fire to the hay and forage store about 12.30 to-morrow night.

"That'll blaze up fast and they'll have to sound Dangerous Fire,' which means most of the sentries from the magazines will be sent over. So you'll only have two, or three at the most, to look out for.

"To be on the safe side, I'll send Intelligence a message asking them to stage an air raid at 12.15 sharp. That'll keep everyone under cover until Manton and Phil have fired the stores, and you've set the gun-cotton!"

Nothing could possibly have been neater. Not even the General Staff could possibly have devised a better plan.

Bombers went into action sharp at 12.15. The lurid flames from the forage stores and the sound of "Dangerous Fire" call drew nearly all the sentries away at 12.30.

The dynamiting of the high explosives magazine seemed to split the countryside wide open a quarter of an hour later.

With the bursting of the magazine went all hope of a successful German offensive.

Ex-members of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment should have a soft spot for "Canteen Ma" Rondeel, because it was an attempt to save some of their comrades that cost Romany her life.

Part of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, cut off between the Langemarck road and the Ypres railway, was entirely surrounded and facing complete annihilation in 1918.

Romany received a report on the situation from the driver of a German field ambulance who was among her secret agents.

Unfortunately, the redoubtable Manton Devany, Romany's cleverest runner, was in hiding, but she knew where he was. She decided to send him across the lines with a request for immediate assistance for the besieged regiment.

That night she disguised herself in a soldier's cap and greatcoat and stole softly to the ruined chateau where Devany was hiding.

Unfortunately, others were also creeping quietly on the place.

Three members of the German Secret Police had traced Manton to his lair.

As Romany's head and shoulders showed against the star-light the Feldwebel in charge of the party shouted: "That's him! Quick! Shoot!"

A volley rang out and Romany Rondeel—"No. 3 in Flanders"—crumpled slowly to the ground.

A split second later a crazed man burst out of the chateau with a revolver in each hand.

Manton had come to avenge his friend.

His first bullets tore their way through the Feldwebel's stomach. The other members of the Secret Police ran away.

When they returned with a strong force they found only "Canteen Ma" Rondeel and the dead Feldwebel.

It was not for many years that the Germans learned just what the vegetable seller had been doing there that night.

Manton Devany had already carried off Romany's last report to British Intelligence. But it did no good.

The remnant of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment was slaughtered—to a man.

Next Week :

★ Britain's Bravest Spy in the Near East during the last war was a young Englishman who had turned Arab so that he might wed the daughter of a desert chieftain. And the story of Walter Greenway will make you realise to what heights heroism can go.

Pools Notes

"By Poolex"

HERE is a simple system for the 12-results pool on the "Unity" coupon, involving the choice of six bankers and covering the other six matches, so that a dividend is assured if the bankers are correct. The cost is three shillings (18 columns).

First choose three home bankers. Study the newspaper forecasts, and make a list of the five games most fancied as home winners. From these, pick the three you fancy as home bankers and mark them as "1's" on your coupon.

Now make a list of the games that most of the experts believe will be away winners, and choose three away bankers. There are usually about six such games, so you will have plenty of choice. Mark your three away bankers as "2's" on the coupon.

You will now have dealt with six matches. Don't make any attempt to forecast for the other six games, but mark them as follows (the six games are referred to as A, B, C, D, E and F below):—

A.	1	1	1	x	x	x	2	2	2
B.	1	x	2	1	x	2	1	x	2
C.	1	x	2	x	2	1	2	1	x
D.	1	x	2	2	1	x	x	2	1
E.	1	2	x	2	x	1	1	x	2
F.	1	2	x	2	x	1	1	x	2

A.	1	1	1	x	x	x	2	2	2
B.	1	x	2	1	x	2	1	x	2
C.	1	x	2	x	2	1	2	1	x
D.	1	x	2	2	1	x	x	2	1
E.	2	x	1	x	1	2	x	2	1
F.	2	x	1	x	1	2	x	2	1

Whatever the results of the six games may be, this permutation guarantees that one of the columns will contain at least four correct forecasts.

If you have chosen your bankers correctly, at least a third dividend is guaranteed.

Chances of a second dividend are roughly 3 in 10, and there is a 40 to 1 chance of collecting the first dividend.

If some of the bankers are wrong a dividend is not guaranteed, but with one, or even two, mistakes you still have a chance.

If an 18-column entry is too expensive for you, you can reduce it. Having chosen your six bankers, eliminate the least likely result from the other six games, and permute the other two alternatives (shown as "a" and "b" below), thus:—

A.	a	a	a	a	a	a	b	b	b	b	b	b
B.	a	a	a	b	b	b	a	a	a	b	b	b
C.	a	a	b	a	b	b	a	a	b	a	b	b
D.	a	b	a	a	b	b	a	a	b	b	a	b
E.	a	b	b	b	a	b	a	b	a	a	a	b
F.	a	b	b	b	b	a	b	a	a	a	a	b

This guarantees five right out of the six games, provided the alternatives chosen cover the result in each case.

Mystery Solution

See page 24

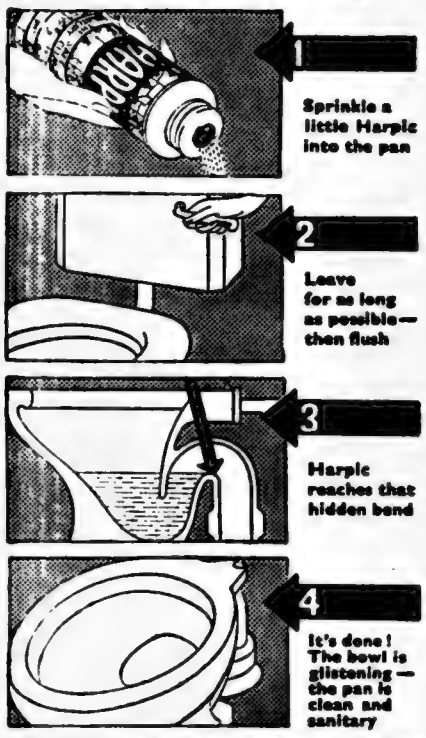
CAPTAIN CONNOLLY realised that the envelope containing the bomb must have been slipped among Captain Thomas' mail surreptitiously.

It could not possibly have come by post, since it bore only a three-halfpenny stamp.

Murphy was the only person in the Captain's office, therefore he was the only one who could "plant" the bomb.

HOW TO CLEAN THE LAVATORY

quickly, simply, thoroughly!


1
Sprinkle a little Harpic into the pan
2
Leave for as long as possible—then flush
3
Harpic reaches that hidden bend
4
It's done! The bowl is glistening—the pan is clean and sanitary

TODAY, when homes are crowded, and unexpected jobs have to be done, the quick, simple, effective action of Harpic is of special value to housewives. Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It sweeps right round that hidden bend where no brush can ever reach, cleans, disinfects and deodorises, leaves the bowl glistening. Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

HARPIC for the lavatory

Nurse says

De Witt's Pills for

BACKACHE

"I was taken ill with a bad back. I could not stand up and was two days in bed. My sister persuaded me to try De Witts Pills and I now feel better than I have been for a long time. I am working again and feel as good as ever. I recommend them to my patients."—Nurse A. A.

De Witts Pills are quick in action. In 24 hours after taking the first dose you see results. Your kidneys are being helped to filter from the body the poisons and impurities that cause backache. With kidneys working properly the cause of your pain and weakness is cleared right out of your system. That, briefly, is how De Witts Pills act.

DE WITTS PILLS (Stand Kidney and Bladder)

end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, prices 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

SOAP FLAKES FOR WASHING-UP? HOW EXTRAVAGANT!
SHUT UP YOU OLD LIZARD! YOU GET TWICE AS MUCH TIP-TOP SOAP FLAKES IN THE SYLVAN PACK- AND THEY'RE EASY ON THE HANDS
JOEY
SYLVAN FLAKES

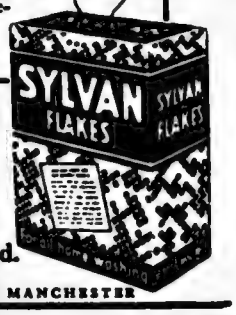
Want to wash those greasy dishes quickly? use SYLVAN FLAKES!

DON'T let the thought of washing up greasy dishes spoil your dinner. Sylvan Flakes will take care of that. Just a handful of Sylvan Flakes in the water gives you a wealth of soft, luxurious suds. Out come the plates and dishes lustrous and gleaming.

And what *masses* of Sylvan Flakes — nearly twice as much for the same money. It's luxury and economy rolled into one. And, of course, Sylvan Flakes contain no trace of soda for you know what soda does to your hands. Sylvan Flakes will really save your hands from dishpan redness and keep them white and smooth. Out with your pencil and put Sylvan Flakes on your shopping-list this minute. *Once you've sampled washing-up with Sylvan Flakes you'll never wash-up any other way.*

IT'S EASY ON THE HANDS

If you value your hands you simply *must* use Sylvan Flakes for your washing-up. Sylvan Flakes contain absolutely no soda.



SYLVAN FLAKES *for washing-up*

Get the Giant Pack 1/-. Other economy sizes 6d & 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY & CO. LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 5.

Take **Elasto** The Wonder Tablet

for all **CIRCULATORY TROUBLES**

THE New Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

Send for Free Sample!

Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately and free, together with Free sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! While you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed.*

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

BRITAINS FIRST-AID famous for 90 years

SEPTIC WOUNDS CUTS, BURNS WHITLOWS BOILS

IMPORTANT. Be sure LION OINTMENT is in your First-Aid Kit. Apply immediately. Famous for quick action, quick relief.

1/3, 3/-, 5/- per box. From Chemists.

1/3 **LION OINTMENT**

FREE! FULL-SIZE TIN OF CALVERTS TOOTH POWDER *—to any member of the Fighting Forces!*

DON'T overlook this important offer on page 36. Read the instructions carefully—cut them out for future reference.

"And now I'm SAVING money— as the government tells us to!"
READING MORNING PAPER
"Eggs up - bacon up - butter up - what do they think they are? Barrage Balloons?"
Well, there's one thing about the blackout - we'll save a little money by not gadding about so much!"
"That's all you know about it! Everything I buy seems to cost more now"
ON THE BUS (WOMAN IN FRONT)
"No - it's not gone up. And the doctor said there was the food value of two eggs in every cupful of it, if you make it with milk... Yes, BOURNVILLE cocoa. That's right"
"THINKS.... ???"
THE SAME EVENING
"Hey, what's this Mrs. Extravagance? BOURNVILLE cocoa's grand, but can we afford 'extras' just now?"
Wrong again Mr. Know-All. With BOURNVILLE COCOA you get 3d. worth of food for 1½d. It's still only 6d. a quarter pound"
"Well, we haven't saved through the blackout, but we have through BOURNVILLE COCOA. Look at this - a housekeeping BALANCE now, and we all live like fighting cocks, too!"

BOURNVILLE COCOA

MADE BY CADBURYS

Still at Peace-time price

6D PER QTR LB 11D PER HALF LB

HEALTH news

If nerve suffering is your trouble read these two remarkable cases, which show you how to overcome your weakness and make a good recovery.

DEPRESSION SLEEPLESSNESS 'NERVES'

"*I am now cured,*" says Mr. T. R. G., writing from Walsall, Staffs. "*My nerves are better, I eat and sleep well—and I ask you to publish this letter because I feel sure that if Dr. Cassells can make ME better, they can do the same for others!*" Mr. G. is right. He was suffering from nerve depression and sleeplessness. He couldn't eat. Yet Dr. Cassells did him good—just as they have done good to many thousands of men and women like him.

Now— Nerves are better... he eats and sleeps well

AILING FOR SOME TIME

—and now all her friends are saying how much better and younger she looks! From the Isle of Anglesey comes this short letter which the writer says we may use how and when we like. She says "*I have been ailing for some time, and a friend advised me to try Dr. Cassells Tablets. The result of taking Dr. Cassells was amazing. I have recommended Dr. Cassells to many friends who tell me how much better and younger I look.*" (Signed) Mrs. J. W. We are confident that Mrs. W. will make many more unseen friends among the thousands who read her letter and take her good advice.

Now— "How much better and younger I look!"

Feed your Nerves with

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS BRAND

—AND YOU WILL

EAT BETTER!

SLEEP BETTER!

FEEL BETTER!

1/3, 3/- and 5/-. Trial Size 6d.

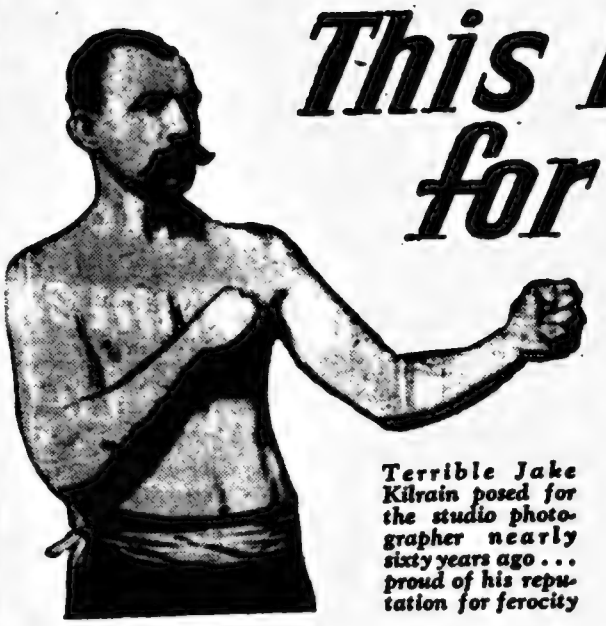
The Great Nerve Tonic and Body Builder

FREE SAMPLE of HERBAL CIGARETTES

GET relief from that stopped-up feeling which you get from Catarrh and Head Colds. Try Dr. Blosser's Medical Cigarettes. They loosen all nasal congestion. A trial supply is offered to readers who fill in the Coupon on p. 33.

A. W. HELLIWELL continues his dynamic stories of "Giants of the Ring" by describing a world championship battle that stopped only when it was too dark to see.

This Fight Lasted for 106 ROUNDS



Terrible Jake Kilrain posed for the studio photographer nearly sixty years ago... proud of his reputation for ferocity

JAKE KILRAIN sat in silence as the steam launch swung out into the Seine. It was bitterly cold on the water and he shivered as he wrapped his enormous greatcoat more closely about his powerful frame.

His chin, dark with three days' growth of beard, was set in a grim line. He looked in ugly mood; a dangerous customer best left well alone.

For days he had been hanging around in Rouen waiting to fight Jem Smith, British champion, who had challenged him for his world title.

He had trained until every muscle and nerve in his body was taut as fiddle-strings, but delay had left him restless and fidgety.

Frowning darkly, he sat alone, tapping one foot impatiently as outbursts of laughter swept towards him from the other end of the boat.

Jem Smith, former timber yard labourer and now the champion of all England, was holding court. Surrounded by admirers, he was making merry, unperturbed by the thought that he would soon be facing terrible Jake Kilrain.

Smith had been kicking his heels in Rouen even longer than the world champion. He and his trainer and seconds had been the first party to leave England.

FROM the moment the two pugilists had signed articles in London to fight for the title and £1,000 a side, their movements had been shrouded in secrecy.

Yet it was looked on as the fight of the century.

Kilrain had won such an awe-inspiring reputation since he stopped working in a Massachusetts rolling mill to fight for a living that even the great John L. Sullivan forfeited his title rather than meet him.

The law was so opposed to prize fights in those days (Kilrain and Smith met a few days before Christmas., 1887) that officials of the Pelican Club decided it would be safer to settle the battle in France.

Even then, the time and rendezvous were not revealed.

The favoured few who were to watch these two gladiators battling for the championship of the world were given only "the route" for the fight.

They were told to journey to Dieppe to await further details.

So great was the interest aroused that sportsmen loitered outside newspaper offices in Fleet Street shadowing members of the staffs. And the harassed newspapermen had to change cabs two and three times on the way to catch the boat train to dodge pursuit.

Champion and challenger waited in Rouen.

It was nerve-racking for a man of Kilrain's highly strung temperament, but the Englishman, stolid and unimaginative, remained unruffled.

Physically, they were just as sharply contrasted.

Smith, bullet-headed, square-jawed, calm of eye, was a typical British bulldog.

With leaner features and an enormous black moustache that added to the ferocity of his grim countenance, Kilrain looked a tough proposition.

A relentless hitter who neither gave nor asked quarter, he was a devout Catholic, and every morning during that waiting period he attended Mass in Rouen's lovely cathedral.

Eventually the organisers decided to "borrow" a gentleman's private estate on a lonely island in the Seine.

To have asked permission would have meant drawing attention to the contest. So they arranged to steal ashore, pitch the ring and fight it out without anyone being any the wiser.

EARLY in the morning, the fighters, their seconds and backers quietly left their various hotels and proceeded by train and launch to the Isle St. Pierre.

Stakes were driven home and the ropes arranged while Kilrain and Smith stripped, knotted their colours around their waists and laced on spiked boots.

Then, with pails of water, sponges, ice, towels and bottles of brandy ready for any emergency, they squatted upon their seconds' knees.

Still scowling, Kilrain nervously shuffled his feet upon the sward, as eager as a racehorse at the tapes, while across the ring Smith sat staring straight ahead, a faint smile on his full mouth.

At the call of time, the American rushed from his corner, and Smith was hardly on his feet before his opponent dealt him such a terrible buffet with his right that he dropped like a pole-axed bullock.

A roar of surprise went echoing over the Seine.

There was Jem, who a moment before had seemed trained for the fight of his life, lying on his back with his face as white as a sheet and a thin trickle of blood running from one ear.

He did not move as his seconds hauled him to his corner, but as they slapped him and bit him and poured raw spirit down his throat, the colour came back to his cheeks.

He revived as though nothing had happened, hammering Kilrain roughly about the ribs as they clinched.

It was not long before the champion again swung that murderous right.

It landed like a hammer on the side of Jem's head, and he went down in the same spot as before. This time it seemed that he was finished. He lay like a dead man.

By the time his seconds got him to his corner, his ear had swollen like a bladder, but they had swift if somewhat crude remedies. A nick with a knife-blade and the lips of a second pressed to the cut worked wonders, and after another swig from the brandy bottle Jem was fit for the fray again.

Kilrain was giving him a rough fight, hammering smashing blows to his head and ribs and trying to throw him to the ground

Smith was a hard man to keep down.

He possessed amazing capacity for absorbing punishment, and he fought back savagely, fortified by brandy.

He consumed more than a quart of neat spirit during the contest.

For two and a half hours, while the rounds mounted from the forties and fifties and eventually passed the hundred mark, these two stalwarts slugged away.

As shades of night began to creep across the meadows and over the water, they were still at it, prepared apparently to fight through the night.

Soon it would be too dark to see.

ALREADY the timekeeper had the greatest difficulty in seeing the hands of his watch, and the question of whether Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, or Jem Smith, of London, was the champion was undecided.

There was nothing for it but to call a halt. So the fight stopped after one hundred and six rounds.

All the way back in the launch and the train the supporters argued as to which had the better of it.

Some declared that Kilrain had done more than enough to win.

Smith's friends loudly proclaimed that he had been the stronger in the closing minutes.

There it was. They had not been able to settle the question before nightfall, and so a draw it was declared.

Race with "Silver Ring"

WHEN racing is resumed—I've almost despaired of ever seeing horses and jockeys again!—those responsible for the promotion of the sport will have to put a bit of "ginger" into their efforts.

Horse-racing is the very best sport of all—there's no doubt about that. But the best of wares have to be intelligently boosted in these days of fierce competition, and those officially connected with racing, from the Jockey Club Stewards and Messrs. Weatherby down to the clerks of courses at obscure meetings, have very little idea of modern methods of marketing their goods.

Greyhound racing is thriving while horse-racing is languishing. Why?

Because it is "put over" in a first-class and up-to-date manner. Every greyhound track employs a staff of publicity experts who feed the Press and the public.

It is a pity that such a fine sport as horse-racing is not more attractively managed. If, and when, it is really taken in hand and released from its old-fashioned shackles, it will achieve the popularity that is its due.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 22, to Wednesday, February 28.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U
97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: VAJSG94Z would read ROCKFEL.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. K94R93Z294 would read SEVILLE.

BANISH CONSTIPATION

by this pleasant

"ONE-DAY" Method!

Millions of happy people all over the world have discovered that Feen-a-mint is the safest laxative they can buy. The reason: Feen-a-mint is not habit-forming. You don't take Feen-a-mint every day—day after day. Feen-a-mint banishes constipation naturally—with the occasional dose. It *regulates* the system; puts it "on the right road" again; puts you back to healthy normality.

That's not all! Feen-a-mint is safe and pleasant to take (kiddies love it!) and it has no after-effects whatever. Feen-a-mint works naturally and thoroughly. It's amazing how *soon* after taking Feen-a-mint you feel fit and vital. Take Feen-a-mint and you end once and for all stomach upsets, loss of appetite and that "half fit" feeling.

You'll need only one trial of Feen-a-mint to convince you. Get a package today; it's so valuable to your health! And if you're not satisfied your money will be refunded. Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere.

You've smoked something worth smoking when you've smoked an

ARMY CLUB

THE FRONT-LINE CIGARETTE

20 for 1/0½d

Prices in 'Naafi' canteens with the B.E.F. 10 for frs.1.90—20 for frs.3.75

IT'S

SPRINGY

CLEANING TIME *for smiles*

use the SPRINGY BRISTLES *of a*

HALEX

TOOTHBRUSH

Three shapes at a shilling

OTHERS 6d. to 2/- *All in the 'Streamline' case*

for your HALEXERCISE

AN EXCELLENT RECIPE FOR THE FAMILY COLDS

There is no need for the family cold to "go the round" if you make up this good old-fashioned recipe and keep it handy for emergencies.

Take 3 to 4 ounces of sugar and mix with half-pint of hot water (not boiling), then add 1 oz. of Parmint (double strength), which you buy at your own chemist, stir until dissolved and allow it to cool. Put your mixture in a bottle, give it a final shake and your cough and cold syrup is ready. Parmint Syrup recipe is the best family remedy for coughs and colds—particularly good for children, because they like its pleasant taste. Dosage: Adults: 1 tablespoonful; Children: 1 dessertspoonful—four times a day. Cut out this paragraph to remind you to buy an ounce of Parmint (double strength) so that you can make up the recipe to-day.

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

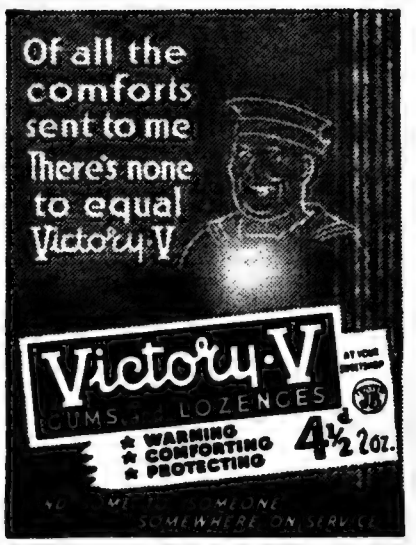
Stop Them For 2d

Beware the menace of winter ills! Directly you start to sneeze . . . the moment you sense that shivery feeling or warning ache . . . take a *Beechams Powder* and get relief for 2d! *Beechams Powders* ACT LIKE MAGIC! The symptoms vanish and the *danger* is averted! Wonderful also for HEADACHES, RHEUMATISM and NERVE PAINS.

BEECHAMS POWDERS

BRAND

ACT LIKE MAGIC



SHUN! *untidiness*

BRYLCREEM *your hair*

BRYLCREEM THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

IN THE HANDY ACTIVE SERVICE TUBE 1/-

Also jars and bottles

Larger Bottles 1/6, 1/9, 2/6

County Perfumery Co. Ltd., N. Circular Rd. W. Twyford, N.W.10.

records 719G.

"Should I tell the husband?"

Should I join the wife's conspiracy merely by keeping silent, or should I tell the husband of my suspicions? What would you do?

FEW of us can resist interfering in the affairs of others when it appears that a word or two of advice will prevent a disaster. It seems the only thing to do, yet interference, even with the best of intentions, is not always justified.

The kind friend is often written down as "an interfering old so-and-so" and soon earns the name of a busybody. Yet it is hard to see somebody for whom you have a genuine feeling of friendship definitely heading for trouble without trying to offer some good advice.

It is even more difficult to become involved in the tangled web of deceit without in some way trying to clear the path for everybody.

Imagine, as an instance, the problem confronting a woman reader who has become involved in a wife's deception.

The wife had been ill, and the husband wrote asking my reader whether she would mind looking after the invalid during her convalescence. She agreed, and was expecting her arrival, when she received a letter saying that the invalid had broken her journey to stay with a "friend" for a few days.

She asked that letters should be forwarded.

"The sight of that forwarding address gave me a shock," says my reader. "It was the address of a man with whom the wife had been friendly for some years unknown to her husband.

"To-day I received a letter from the husband saying he was sorry to hear that his wife was suffering from laryngitis. He told me what to do for her and enclosed money for medicines.

"He also apologised for the trouble she was causing, and asked me to write when I had a few minutes to spare to tell him how she was.

"I don't know what to do.

"The wife may come to me, as she promised, but I cannot depend on her. I am forwarding her husband's letter to me, including the money, without comment.

"What do you think I ought to do?"

The wife is a responsible adult who would resent outside interference, but, if she is unfaithful in her heart, it is impossible to make her loyal by compulsion.

Interference would not end the mischief. It would merely lead to greater concealment. It would cure nothing.

Many people would have no hesitation in giving her away. I think the writer of the letter should refuse to be made a party to the trickery. She respects the husband and she has been thrust into a position that troubles her conscience.

SHE should tell the wife that she cannot do this sort of thing. When the two women meet, as they will, the whole situation will have to be investigated, but until she knows more she should not do anything.

Actually it is little use trying to alter a person's actions (by threats or force) unless you can alter his mind. What he does depends on what he is. The mainspring of conduct is hidden in character.

This is best shown by another letter, from a charge-hand at a factory, who is troubled by the actions of a lovely girl among his workers.

"She is engaged to a young fellow who is expecting to be called up for military service," he continues.

"Now, this girl is friendly with almost everybody, including a pal of mine of whom I'm fond. He is about eighteen, and I would do almost anything for him, but I look on his familiarity with this girl with disfavour.

"He has arranged sly meetings with her during working hours and she has managed to slip away twice. I have threatened to report them, but my feelings for my friend cause me to shirk my duty.

"I have told the girl that she is not playing the game with her fiancé, but she replies that she is doing no harm.

"As soon as her boy is out of the way, she will run round with my friend. That is what I want to prevent.

"What do you advise me to do?"

If the girl means to play a double game, she will do so.

The man has appealed to her sense of honour without result.

There is not much more that he can do without laying himself open to a charge of unwarranted meddling.

HE hates to stand by in silence while a girl double-crosses her fiancé and entangles his friend. He wants to stop it because he feels it is wrong. Yet what happens outside working hours is not his business.

He can console himself in the knowledge that this attractive girl is ready to flirt with half-a-dozen others. No man with a grain of sense will take her seriously.

Such a girl may be "good fun" to lark about with, but no man will lose his head over a girl who wants a crowd of admirers and can never remain loyal to one.

When I published a letter from a girl who felt that she was doomed to be unhappy for the rest of her life, I asked readers what they would say to her.

The result was a heavy postbag every day for a week. Men of all ages, from nineteen to sixty, wanted to be introduced to her. Several wanted to marry her!

I cannot introduce readers to each other, because all letters are treated in strict confidence, and I refuse to be a matrimonial agent.

But I will quote from two letters that will be helpful to other girls who feel depressed:

"I admire the courage with which your correspondent meets her misfortunes," says one reader. "I had a period of unbroken unhappiness at one time, and can sympathise.

"The first thing to learn is that 'bad luck' is sheer superstition. After deciding what I really needed to make me happy, I went 'all out' to get it.

"Your correspondent would be wise to leave her home town, where there are so many reminders of her troubles. In fresh surroundings, preferably at work with other girls, she will be able to form new friendships and find new fields to conquer.

"Brooding on the past and letting her thoughts turn inwards will produce bitterness and may blind her to opportunities near at hand for a happier life."

Another reader believes that there never was a time when forgetting personal troubles was as simple as at present.

"So many openings exist in the organisations controlling and centralising the work of women in support of their menfolk that no girl has a right to become an introvert and live a lonely life," she exclaims.

"This girl has the great gift of youth, and in her good health there is a reserve of energy that should be drawn on in a fight for the happiness at present denied to her.

"Let her join the patriotic women who are serving their country so well. She will find adequate consolation for her troubles, and in the interesting duties of the present she will discover hope of joy in the future.

"To brood over individual hardships in a time of national emergency is as wrong as it is foolish, and my advice to her is to help Britain to win through to victory. In so doing her own victory over pessimism will be complete."

Let Humanist Help You!

HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are perplexed or in trouble. Address your problem to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. He not only solves your problems but also pays a guinea for each letter published on this page.

Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT
HEALED HER INJURED WRIST

Read this Amazing Tribute

"I am writing to express my thanks for *Germolene*. Five months ago I badly hurt my wrist in the mangle. Treatment failed to do me any good. Last Friday I sent for a tin of *Germolene* and after *five dressings*, my wrist is quite all right again.

I shall never be without a tin, my three children are always liable to bruises and falls and *Germolene* will always be useful."

Yours faithfully, Mrs. A. H., Wolverhampton.

Think of it! Five months' suffering ended by five applications of *Germolene*! You, too, should never be without a tin of this wonderful healing ointment. It is essential in EVERY Home for prompt treatment of household accidents and to banish all skin suffering quickly and completely.

GERMOLENE QUICKLY HEALS ECZEMA BAD LEG PIMPLES BURNS CHILBLAINS CHAPS ABSCESSES ULCERS, etc.

Sold Everywhere 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 12/- Per Tin

FOR EMERGENCY USE ASK FOR Germoplast FIRST AID DRESSINGS CONTAINING GERMOLENE MEDICATION 6 and 12 per tin from Chemists

My Husband Couldn't Believe His Eyes!

He says I look 10 years younger

"IT seems just like a miracle," were John's own words. THIS IS HOW I DID IT

Only two months ago I had lines and wrinkles on my forehead, around my eyes and mouth—I looked *very* definitely 'middle-aged.' To-day all my friends admire my unlined girlish skin and clear complexion.

I use Tokalon Rose Skinfood every night. It contains 'Biocel,' the amazing vital youth element—the discovery of a famous University Professor. During the day I use Crème Tokalon White Colour to make skin clear and smooth, free from blackheads and enlarged pores.

Polly put the Kettle on and we'll have no more CONSTIPATION

Taken last thing at night, CLOISTER HERBAL TEA is Nature's remedy for constipation. Cloister is a mixture of 18 different herbs, each of which has its own distinct action on stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys. Cloister dispels those black-out blues and brings back bounding health and pep. All chemists, 6d. and 1/6.

DOES YOUR CHILD TAKE COLD EASILY?

Constipation turns a child's body into a breeding ground for germs of colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis and worse chest complaints. Therefore, if your child has a stubborn cold or cough, the first step to recovery is to make sure the little bowels act properly. But never use strong purgatives, they are weakening and cause a child to catch cold. Doctors and nurses advise 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is a pure fruit laxative, therefore safe. It relieves the system of the germ-breeding poisonous waste and breaks up a cold and cough when other remedies fail. A weekly dose will ward off further attacks.

Get a bottle to-day and be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size). Children love the delicious fruity flavour.

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN—

'California Syrup of Figs' is also the ideal remedy for constipation in your own case, since it ensures complete bowel action without the risk of disturbing functional regularity, which often happens when strong laxatives are taken.

END THAT MEALTIME MISERY

Do you find you cannot eat a thing without getting filled with flatulence and twisted up with pain? That is because acid turns your food into a sour, tough mass. Your harassed stomach has to struggle with every mouthful. Take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets and you'll have no more mealtime misery. These Tablets relieve acidity at once. They sweeten and soothe the stomach. They keep food digestible. So the stomach has an easy job. No sour repeating, not a trace of wind, not a twinge of pain. Your indigestion has vanished. And it can't torture you again if you take 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets. They never fail. Prove it with your next meal. Take the Tablets and save yourself another attack. Buy a box now! Neat flat boxes for the pocket, 6d. & 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- & 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

ARP Instant FIRST AID FOR SKIN INJURIES

Cuticura Ointment brings instant soothing relief to cuts, burns, skin lacerations—prevents infection, quickly heals. At all Chemists & Stores, 1/3 & 2/6 a tin.

Cuticura BRAND OINTMENT 193

CATARRH & HEAD COLDS

Warm penetrating smoke from the very first Doctor Blosser Medical Cigarette helps loosen nasal congestion . . . relieves that terrible stopped-up feeling in the head.

Prove it yourself. Ask any chemist for a 2/6 package of standard strength or extra strong . . . Or write for

FREE Sample Cigarettes

DR. BLOSSER LTD., (Dept. 121 W.T.) TEMPLE CHAMBERS, TEMPLE AVE., E.C.4
Send me Free Sample Cigarettes,

Name .....

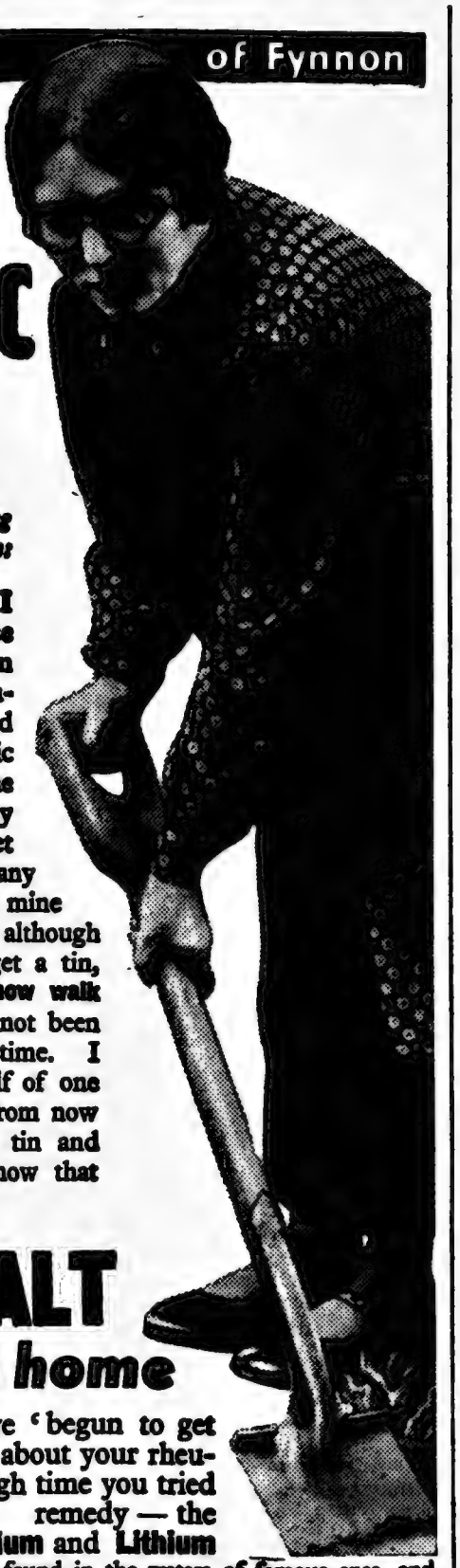
Address .....

.....

DR. BLOSSER'S MEDICAL CIGARETTES

Real-life Stories of Fynnon

In Hospital with RHEUMATIC FEVER

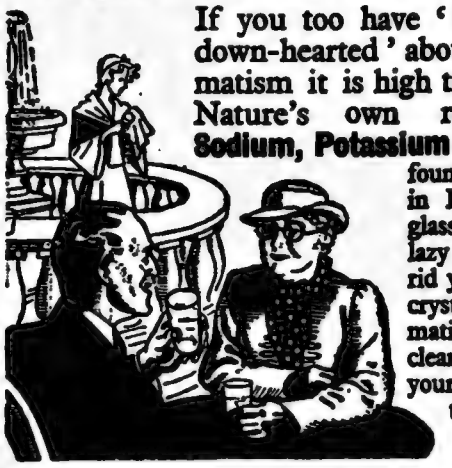


Mrs. Robertson writes this heartening letter from her home at Leytonstone

"It is with great pleasure that I am writing this testimonial in praise of your wonderful remedy Fynnon Salt. I have suffered from rheumatism for a very long period and was in hospital with Rheumatic Fever. After returning home the trouble began again. I tried many so-called cures and began to get down-hearted as nothing did any good. However, a friend of mine advised me to try your salt and although very pessimistic, I decided to get a tin, and with what results! **I can now walk and sleep normally,** which I have not been able to do for a considerable time. I might add that before taking half of one tin I began to feel better and from now on I shall never be without a tin and shall recommend it to all I know that suffer as I did."

FYNNON SALT

a spa cure at home



If you too have 'begun to get down-hearted' about your rheumatism it is high time you tried Nature's own remedy — the **Sodium, Potassium** and **Lithium** found in the waters of famous spas, and in Fynnon Salt. Fynnon stirred in a glass of water every morning wakes the lazy liver and stimulates the kidneys to rid your body of all acid waste. Stabbing crystals are dissolved and nagging rheumatic pain is smoothed away as the cleansed bloodstream courses through your veins. A 1/3 tin of Fynnon Salt is the first step to a new life of freedom!

FYNNON LTD., BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX

For "Active" Service!

WHAT A "JOHN BULL" READER says

"The Pen I am using to write to you now is one I bought from you nineteen years ago."
E. T. Gooder.
Newton Abbot, Devon.

Cash the Coupons

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 5/6 plus 6d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 6d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 5/6 plus 6d. postage and insurance.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA, incl. Clip.
State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT, 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

VALUE 3/6

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO WITH THE LARGEST SALE

A grand pipeful

You can afford to be generous to yourself with 'Digger' in your pipe. This fine Empire tobacco gives you a full, rich satisfying smoke and an ounce still shows you change out of a shilling.

11D AN OZ

PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · PLUG · HONEY-DEW

P.D.77

RUBBED IN OVERNIGHT

Snowfire Tablet

HEALS CHAPPED HANDS BY MORNING

3d. Family Sizes 6d. & 7½d.
Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d.

Miss Jane Howell, of North Hill House, North Hill road, Leeds, receives five guineas for this week's true war-time story. Send the story of your most thrilling war-time adventure to "John Bull," enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. The story, told in a thousand words, must be based on an experience of the last six months

In the hands of this strange woman, who was supposed to be my sister, was a bowl, and in the bowl a deadly-looking syringe . . . .

MY NIGHT OF TERROR

I DON'T know whether it is still possible to be buried alive in these days of special precautions, but it is possible for something almost as gruesome to happen to a person in our war time black-out.

I must begin by taking you back to 10 p.m. on a black and dismal night in September.

I stood on King's Cross Station.

My married sister, Mary, had invited me to visit her and her family. There was nobody there to meet me. I wasn't expecting anybody.

Although I hadn't visited my sister for two years, and she had recently moved to a new house, I felt capable of finding her place at Golder's Green.

"Don't trouble to meet me at the station," I had written. "Trains are not running to time these days and you might have to hang about for hours."

I called a cab. The first surprise of the evening came when I asked the driver whether he could find the place.

"Like a shot, Miss," he said. "It's a bit of coincidence, but I took a lady there only a couple of days ago."

I smiled.

So my sister, I decided, was "going places."

After a painfully slow journey the cab came to a stop.

"You are sure this is the house?" I asked the driver, who had jumped from his seat

"This is it all right," he said, helping me out into a vast sea of inky darkness and leading me up a path to what was obviously a front door.

I knocked, paid him off in the dim light of the front hall, turned to the shadowy figure of a rather trim maid, and then began: "I am Miss Howell——"

"Oh, yes, of course," answered the girl. "We were expecting you. I have been sitting up specially for you."

"So my sister has gone to bed?" I asked.

There was a somewhat puzzled note in the girl's voice as she answered, "Your sister? Oh, yes. They're all in bed."

Apologising for my lateness and explaining that it was due to the trains, I began to ask a few questions about the family The fact that they had retired so early rather staggered me.

"I don't think I should ask a lot of questions just now, Miss," she said in that same strange way. "You'll be wanting rest, you know. You'll be tired. I think you ought to go to your room and get some sleep."

I was grateful for this great consideration on her part, but her manner was surprising. I decided to have a word with my sister about her in the morning. She took rather a lot on herself.

Besides I didn't like the bedroom. The bed was narrow, the wardrobe small. There was only one bluish rug on the big expanse of linoleum. Mary would have a better room than this.

"Oh, we can accommodate you better in the morning," said the girl. "The war has made things a little difficult you know. But I'll help you unpack."

SHE seemed kindly enough, this strange creature. Yet she was one of the most perplexing young people I had ever met.

I had a restless night.

Then, there was a tap on the door—and the girl of the night before glided in with a cup of tea and a newspaper

Rest hadn't made her more sensible, I noticed.

"A little read will take your mind off things," she said.

"Never mind about the newspaper," I told her brusquely. "What about my sister? She knows I am here, of course? Nip along and tell her that she can come in and see me."

"Yes, yes," replied the girl. "As soon as she is up she'll be along to see you. She knows you are here, all right. She won't be long."

And then she left me to sip my tea. I fell asleep again.

I don't know what it was that made me wake again, but there, at the end of the bed, was that girl.

She was looking at me so strangely that I felt I wanted to scream.

There was sympathy in her face, and I didn't want sympathy. There was kindness that didn't fit in with her strange domineering sort of manner. Then I realised.

It was the face of a woman looking on a human being who she knows is going through some awful experience.

"My sister," I shrieked, almost hysterically.

"Soothe yourself," she said. "She is coming now."

And then a strange woman entered the room. She looked at me coldly, in a detached sort of way.

"Good morning," she said—no more.

"My sister ——," I said.

"This *is* your sister," said the little maid.

NOW I saw something that turned my blood to ice. In the hands of this strange woman who was supposed to be my sister Mary was a bowl, and in the bowl, with many other things, a deadly-looking syringe.

As her hand closed on it I leapt from the bed and retreated into what I thought was the safest corner of the room.

Facing the two women, I screamed and kept on screaming.

"Please, please, please," said the newcomer, advancing slowly on me.

"Oh, no, you don't!" I said. "Whatever game are you up to? For God's sake tell me what your object is?"

"Now, please," she replied. "You know quite well what it is all about, Miss Howard. We only want to prepare you for the operation."

"The operation?" I shouted. "Whatever are you talking about? And my name is not Howard."

I've never seen two faces change so quickly as those of the two women.

"Not Miss Howard?" said the little maid.

"Do I understand you to say that Howard is not your name?" began the other woman.

And before I could reply:

"Really, sister," said the maid, "she announced her name as Howard last night."

"HOWARD my eye," I yelled. "I told you Howell. And I'm not wanting any operation. I shan't have an operation either. I've come to London to see my sister. This miserable specimen of a girl told me my sister had gone to bed last night . . ."

"I said *the* sister had gone to bed," replied the maid in tones of deep offence. . . .

And then, with babbling voices all round me, I began to dress.

* * *

On realising how the mistake had occurred, they brought my sister to me from her house a hundred yards up the street.

The matron sprang at her when she entered the room.

"One of my old patients," she said. "Her last baby was born here."

A moment later she was called away to answer the telephone. It was Miss Howard, saying that in view of travelling difficulties she had stayed the night at Rugby and would be along later.

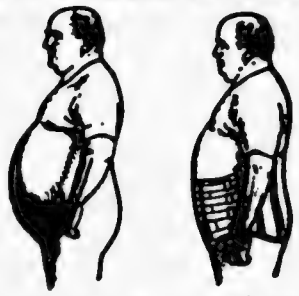
"There's still one thing I can't fathom," I said, when everything else had been explained to everybody's satisfaction. "Why ever didn't that girl let me do a bit of talking last night? It would have cleared things up. Even as it was, surely there were some things I said that must have puzzled her."

The matron laughed.

"I've got a confession," she said. "She thought you were just a teeny-weeny bit *mental*."

THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect Support for RUPTURE, OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it. Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, for FREE Booklet and name of local Corsetiere.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

"We create a design especially for you."

Branch Offices and Salons:

LONDON : 33, Old Bond St., W.1. Tel. Regent 3725
GLASGOW : 86, St. Vincent St., C.2. Central 3232
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LIVERPOOL : 79, Church St., 1. Royal 4021
EDINBURGH : 30a, George St., 2. Edinburgh 25693
BRISTOL : 44a, Queens Rd., Clifton, 8. Bristol 24801
MANCHESTER : 38a, King St., 2. BLAckfriars 9075
LEEDS : 3, Bond St., 1. Leeds 26586
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE : Star Building, Northumberland St.

CHILDREN'S COUGHS

Clinic Doctor says he always uses 'Pineate'

When you are dealing with children's coughs you do have to be extra careful, for some remedies are definitely dangerous for children. So if you can get something that *clinics* recommend, you know you're doing the best thing, don't you?

Well, here's what Dr. A— F—, Physician to a large London Clinic, writes: "I feel I must write again regarding the continued good results I am obtaining with 'Pineate' Honey Cough-Syrup. Hardly a day goes by without my recommending it for some child."

In clinics, hospitals, and schools all over the country 'Pineate' is now being widely used. It is supremely effective, delicious to take, and very economical—only a *half-teaspoonful* to a dose, and only 1/6 a bottle. Don't take any chances with your children's health, follow the clinic's advice and give them 'Pineate' (brand) Honey Cough-Syrup.

GASTRITIS made his life a misery

Mr. E. P., of Blackheath, is only a young man, yet he has suffered very terribly with gastritis. "I did not care what happened," he writes. "I visited hospital and tried all sorts of so-called remedies, but I became worse and worse.

"Then one day I saw Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets advertised, and made up my mind to give them a trial. I felt relief from the first two tablets, and after finishing one bottle I was a new man. My weight increased and I began to eat things I had formerly shunned. A month after the first bottle I recommenced work."

Are you still searching for a remedy you can really trust to end your Indigestion? Then get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder or Tablets. From the first you will know you are on the way to relief at last. You will feel the pain easing, the discomfort and flatulence disappearing as the wonderful ingredients of this famous powder sweeten your stomach, soothe inflammation and gently cleanse your food tract. But be sure—before you buy—to see that you get MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. Look for the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on carton, bottle or tin. Powder or Tablets, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. New 6d. tin (15 tablets). Economy pocket tin (25 tablets), 9d.

6 ABSCESSES

Discharging At Once

"I had as many as six abscesses discharging at one time, from hip to knee. I can safely say that I believe it was nothing but Holloways Ointment that saved my leg, and perhaps my life. . . ."

Six sore, throbbing, "drawing" abscesses discharging at once! One cannot even imagine the torture this lady must have endured. One can only marvel, with her, at the great healing power of HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT.

And this true "miracle of healing" is but ONE of thousands wrought by Holloways Ointment!

Read this case, too :—

Face Covered with Pimples for 2 years

The heart of everyone will go out in sympathy when they read of the terrible plight of this schoolmistress. For two whole years she bore the stigma, pain and embarrassment of pimples which literally *covered her face*. But how she was rescued from her horrifying predicament by Holloways Ointment is a lesson to all who have a skin trouble. "About seven years ago I had my face covered with pimples, not a spot on any other part of my body. I was under treatment over two years without the slightest benefit. Then I tried Holloways Ointment and two pots quite healed my face. I have not had a pimple since."

Don't run the risk of neglecting your skin trouble—"hoping it won't spread." Hope won't clear it up—only HEALING will do that . . . instant, soothing, cleansing HOLLOWAY Healing! Holloways Ointment has been famous for over 100 years for SORES, ABSCESSES, ECZEMA, ULCERS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, BURNS, CUTS, BOILS, CARBUNCLES, HÆMORRHOIDS, LEG TROUBLES.

It soothes at a touch. It cleanses, purifies and Heals.

HOLLOWAYS BRAND OINTMENT is sold everywhere at 3d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

VALOR

meets a National need

The war transformed VALOR Heaters into something more than the well-known popular form of portable heat. They became a necessity with the advent of evacuees, militia huts and requisitioned premises. VALOR HEATERS filled that urgent need to Public and Government alike.

With Dealers' demands greatly increased, large stocks were quickly exhausted and although the VALOR factory is one of the largest in the world producing thousands of Oil Heaters, it was inevitable that demands would temporarily exceed the supply.

Manufacture has been arranged to produce the largest possible output.

You may have had to wait a little while for your VALOR but the output is being fairly distributed.

In asking your indulgence for any delays the VALOR COMPANY thanks you for the confidence you have shown in VALOR HEATERS.

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

"If you suffer from Rheumatism, Get up Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys.' Ordinary medicines can't help much, because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by removing cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Get Cystex from Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors or any Chemist, 1/8, 3/- and 5/- on Guarantee to put you right or money back. Act now! The Guarantee protects you.

Cystex
For Kidneys, Rheumatism, Bladder

"Sign for Security" Series No. 3.

THE long black barrel points skyward. Every man at his post—tense—expectant. Close by are the deadly shells. Enemy 'planes have crossed the coast. The Anti-Aircraft Batteries prepare for action!

Night and day Britain's mighty Air Force, Anti-Aircraft Units, Observer Corps, A.R.P. Organisations keep unceasing vigil. The threat of sudden attack from the air may at any time become a stark reality. Britain's Home Defence Services are ready. Are you? For the sake of your dependents you must neglect no measure of precaution. Be forewarned! Secure "John Bull's" vital gift of Wartime Security to-day. Tomorrow may be too late!

A FREE £200 AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY
underwritten at LLOYD'S
FOR EVERY READER

Following are brief details of "John Bull's" Free Air Raid Insurance Benefits.

£200 should the Registered Reader and his wife be killed.

£100 for either.

The following Benefits also apply to both husband and wife.

£100 for loss of two limbs.

£100 for loss of sight of both eyes.

£100 for loss of one limb and sight of one eye.

£50 for loss of one limb.

£50 for loss of sight of one eye.

The above benefits will be paid for death or injury as defined caused by any aircraft anywhere in the United Kingdom, including injury caused by bombs, splinters of bombs, shells, projectiles or missiles, collapse of buildings, and poisoning or blindness by gas or liquid released by any aircraft.

IN ADDITION "John Bull" provides Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, BURGLARY, Etc.

You cannot afford to delay in securing this Double Protection which "John Bull" offers you FREE. Use Forms below NOW!

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 24/2/1940.

CUT HERE

POST THIS FORM TO
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

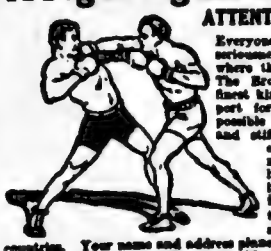
.....

.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 24/2/1940

A Fight Against Rupture



ATTENTION vs. NEGLECT

Everyone should realise the seriousness of rupture, even where the protrusion is small. The Brooks Appliance is the finest kind of mechanical support for ruptures that it is possible to build. Hard pads and stiff springs are entirely eliminated. Our Automatic Air Cushion, light, cool and absolutely sanitary, is protected by patents in the British Isles and all important foreign countries. Your name and address placed to this advertisement will bring complete details of our 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL plan in plain sealed envelope. No need to write a letter.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
(540E) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(540E) Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

Is Your Life TORTURED with RHEUMATISM

She Might Have Saved Herself 16 YEARS of SUFFERING

Here is an account of a wonderful experience and grateful relief from suffering which must interest every sufferer from Rheumatic Aches or other Pains. Had Mrs. Parsons known before what to do she would have saved herself 16 years of pain. Her experiences should act as a timely warning as well as a beneficial guide to all who are martyrs to Rheumatism or Bodily Aches and Pains.

Mrs. Parsons, you will read, had already tried too many 'remedies' to enumerate before she very wisely took a friend's advice.

"I have suffered for 16 years with pains and a swelling in the knee—making walking very painful and difficult. I have had electric treatments, tried numerous liniments, attended clinics and too many remedies to enumerate. A friend strongly advised me to try Elliman's. I got a bottle and rubbed it well into my knee twice a day. The pain grew easier and I have continued this treatment ever since and can now walk in comfort I will certainly continue to use your marvellous preparation."

MRS. PARSONS.

Rub IN ELLIMAN'S Rub OUT PAIN

There's a very sound reason for this phenomenally successful Treatment. As you rub, Elliman's penetrates right into the skin to carry the healing and soothing aid of lubrication to the underlying tissues. As you continue to rub rich blood is stimulated to surge through the deep lying tissues and wash away the accumulations which are the cause of the trouble.

Don't You Suffer Another Day Longer

Rub IN ELLIMAN'S Rub OUT PAIN

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATIONS

For Human Use 1/3, Medium Size 2/- Large 4/-
ROYAL (for Animals) Medium Size 1/6 Large 2/9

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
Elliman Sons & Co., Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

Accept this unique ★ HEALTH OFFER

IF you are run down, lack appetite and zest for life, fill in coupon on p. 5 for Special Free Trial Supply of 40 Tablets of Yestamin, the New Vitamin Yeast Treatment. It bucks you up as it builds you up. Readers of "John Bull" should accept this unique health offer now! Turn to p. 5 now while you think of it—and fill in the special coupon. Enclose 3d. in stamps for postage.

HAS YOUR
FIGHTING MAN
HAD HIS
FREE
CALVERT'S
TOOTH POWDER

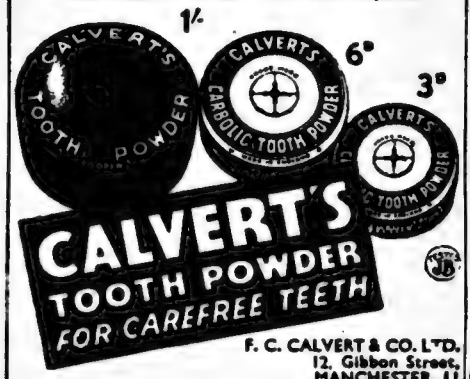
If not you should accept this generous offer at once!
All you have to do is to buy your normal size, at any Chemist or Store, and send the container to us when you have emptied it. We will at once send free of charge a full size tin of Calvert's Tooth Powder, as from you, to any member of the Fighting Forces or Merchant Service at home or abroad.
This offer will continue for the duration of the War.

IMPORTANT

Here are the INSTRUCTIONS—CUT THEM OUT *for future reference*

1. Buy a 1/- or 6d., or two 3d. tins of Calvert's Tooth Powder from your usual Chemist or Store.
2. When you have emptied the container return it to us at the address below. (Postage 1½d.)
3. Enclose your name and address.
4. Enclose also the name, number, rank and full address of the person to whom the Tooth Powder is to be sent.
5. Enclose a ld. stamp for postage and packing.

Note to users of 3d. size—TWO tins are required.



F. C. CALVERT & CO. LTD.
12, Gibbon Street,
MANCHESTER, 11

Voice of the People

WHERE'S this "equality of sacrifice" Mr. Chamberlain talks about? Everybody, from producer to retailer, is permitted to increase profits against extra costs, but the consumer has to pay more on what is tantamount to a reduced income.

Cheaper cuts of everything have been increased out of all proportion to dearer cuts.

Isn't the biggest sacrifice being demanded from those who cannot afford to go to restaurants?—J. Hughes, Vincent Road, Coulsdon, Surrey.

Mr. "That"

ON several occasions Admiralty or Ministry of Shipping officials have telephoned the shipbuilding firm by which I am employed to ask for details of naval ships under construction.

We are told that it is a Commander This or Mr. That speaking, and to ask for proof would be to raise a storm. Surely a dangerous proceeding.—R. G. K. (address withheld for obvious reasons).

TELEPHONING A COMMAND HEADQUARTERS RECENTLY, A "JOHN BULL" REPORTER FOUND HIMSELF LISTENING TO SECRETS THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN USEFUL TO THE ENEMY.

M.P.s in Uniform

M.P.s serving with the Forces are pressing for a lower rate of income tax for men in the Services.

Such a demand comes ill from such a quarter.

Many constituencies, represented by Service M.P.s, have an undoubted grievance. They are virtually unrepresented. Yet the taxpayer is footing their Parliamentary salary bill.

The Tommy on two bob a day won't be paying much income tax, anyhow.—F. W. Doody, Canterbury Avenue, Ilford, Essex.

"JOHN BULL" REFUSES TO BELIEVE THAT A SINGLE CONSTITUENCY IN THIS COUNTRY IS SMARTING UNDER ANY SENSE OF GRIEVANCE BECAUSE ITS MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT HAS DECIDED TO FIGHT FOR HIS COUNTRY. HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF MARRIED MEN HAVE THEIR SERVICES' PAY MADE UP TO A FIGURE AT WHICH THEY PAY INCOME TAX.

Mein Concentration Kampf

"A Jug for Adolf" is the suggestion accompanying this picture of the smallest prison in Britain, at Alton, Staffs, submitted by reader J. Rodgers, of Browning Street, Derby.

Some of the people Hitler has imprisoned for their political beliefs would regard it as a mansion!

Stranded on Leave

THOUSANDS of Service men, arriving at their home towns on leave after the local transport services have closed down for the night, have to lose hours of valuable leave walking home.

Here's a chance to use A.R.P. cars.

If a telephone call to the nearest A.R.P. depot brought a vehicle to the station, what a boon it would be.—C. B., Abbots Place, Abbey Hulton, Stoke-on-Trent.

AN EXCELLENT IDEA. "JOHN BULL" CAN FORESEE ALL SORTS OF OFFICIAL OBJECTIONS TO THE PLAN, BUT A.R.P. WORKERS THEMSELVES, WE KNOW, WOULD WELCOME IT. AND IT WOULD BE BETTER TO USE PETROL IN THIS WAY THAN WASTE IT ON "WARMING UP" IDLE MACHINERY.

They Don't Want Him!

MY three sons have been evacuated, and I have to pay full billeting charges for all three. But I have no grumble.

The people with whom my youngest child, aged seven, is staying have written to say that although he is a clean, honest and most lovable child, they would be glad if I would take him away as he is interfering with their car outings.

"He always wants to be in bed by eight at night," they say, "and it spoils our evenings out. After all, if children are born to you they are your responsibility, not other people's."

What shall I do?—E. F., Bradford.

SEND THE LETTER TO THE OFFICIALS WHO BILLETED HIM. THEY MIGHT DECIDE TO MAKE A CHANGE. NO DOUBT THEY HAVE A FEW YOUNG HOTTENTOTS THEY WANT TO ACCOMMODATE.

Frozen Hands

AN assistant in a shop, I have had to tell hundreds of soldiers that my firm could not supply them with woollen khaki gloves.

We have been unable to get supplies for months.

Some of these soldiers told me that they have been refused permission to wear their own civilian leather gloves, which seems ridiculous when the alternative is frozen hands.—C. East, 22, Warneford Road, Oxford.

"Comfort" Difficulties

THOUSANDS of women are making gloves, mittens and Balaclava helmets for soldiers, sailors and airmen. Hundreds of thousands would like to—but can't afford the wool.

The Government should give wool to some of the poorest and most willing of these helpers.

And they should be protected against the alarming increases in wool prices.—Mrs. W. Armstrong, 42, Church Street, Berwick-on-Tweed.

GOVERNMENT HAS ACTUALLY MADE PROFITS BY COMMANDEERING WOOL AND SELLING AT HIGHER PRICE, WHICH IS UNFAIR TO THESE EAGER WOMEN. MANY WOMEN WHO ARE THEMSELVES TOO BUSY TO KNIT HAVE STOCKS OF CLEAN, SERVICEABLE KNITTED GARMENTS THAT THEY WILL NEVER WEAR AGAIN. THERE ARE POORER WOMEN WHO WOULD BE GLAD TO REKNIT THESE INTO MUFFLERS AND MITTENS.

In Your Garden - - - By Richard Sudell

Big Onions

BECAUSE we imported 80 per cent. of the onions used in this country before the war, it is now essential that every gardener should begin raising a home-grown supply.

Onions require a firm seed bed, and where soil has recently been dug it should be allowed to settle a week or two before seeds are sown.

Soil quickly dries out now, and lumpy soil on which the onion bed is to be made should be well trodden and raked before sowing.

Soot, an excellent material to apply to the onion bed, is best dusted over the surface and raked in before seed sowing.

Seeds are sown in rows a foot apart.

Sow fairly thickly. Thinnings can be used for early salads. Finally thin out six inches apart to allow bulbs to develop in the rows.

Where onions are attacked by maggot, it would be worth while to dust a little naphthalene along the trenches when you are digging. It can also be dusted between the rows of seedlings to ward off the fly. This pest lays its eggs on the neck of the tiny onions, from which maggots grow to devour the bulbs.

Where onions from seeds prove difficult, try onion sets. These are the size of marbles, and are planted by being pushed half into the soil six inches apart. They are much earlier than seeds, and mature into medium-sized bulbs.

There are varieties of onions for different purposes.

For large cooking onions select Ailsa Craig; for pickling, the little silver-skin variety is best. These can be left in the rows unthinned, and they mature into tiny onions suitable for pickling.

If land is limited, onions can be intercropped with lettuces and radishes. These mature more quickly and would be cleared to allow for the final development of the onion crop.

Those disliking the strong flavour of onions should try shallots, which are milder and easily grown.

They are obtainable as little bulbs, ready for planting any time now the soil is frost free.

Set them out in rows a foot apart with six inches between bulbs, which should be about half their depth in the soil.

They need an inspection in a week or two to see that they are not disturbed by bird scratchings, and to be made firm again if necessary.

Why Anxiety Upsets The Stomach

By Dr. F.B. Scott, M.D., Paris

Everyone is affected in some way by the present difficult times, but few people realise that worry and anxiety are common causes of indigestion. The digestive secretions of the stomach are controlled by the nervous system, and when the nerves become strained and overworked—as they do in times of anxiety—they allow the stomach to secrete too much acid. It is this excess acid that ferments food and causes painful digestive disorders, and in order to overcome the trouble it is necessary to neutralise this excess acidity. For this purpose we doctors recommend 'Bisurated' Magnesia, a standard antacid, which gives immediate and *complete* relief by instantly counteracting excess acid and by soothing, healing and strengthening the stomach.

NOTE: 'Bisurated' Magnesia, referred to above by Dr. Scott, is available at all chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/6.

This is YOUR page—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

WIN 20/- WEEKLY for LIFE and £100 CASH PENSION Cash and EASTER DUCKLINGS

FINE 2-in-1 FIRST or LUMP SUM OF £350

THIS WEEK'S JOHN BULL'S INCREASED X-WORD OFFER!

FIRST RUNNERS-UP TO RECEIVE CASH PRIZES & DUCKLINGS FOR EASTER TO COMBINED VALUE OF £150

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd RUNNERS-UP

EASTER, the year's first holiday, is now near at hand, so Easter Feasts have been added to the prizes for "John Bull's" Crossword this week.

Remember—an outright success for you in this big offer of a Pension, Cash and Easter Ducklings will mean a golden Joy Wire on Friday, March 8, announcing you the winner of £100 and a Life Income of 20s. Weekly. Get busy now on the Clues below.

ACROSS CLUES.

1. May be associated with depression
3. Knowing trainer wouldn't waste money on a doubtful one
5. There's not much fight left in a man when he's been on this for a few years
6. Long narrow snow-shoe
8. Cargo boat may sometimes carry a number of these
11. Plane over this could well be cause of anxiety
14. In many respects they're very like ordinary men
16. Head of cathedral
18. Even good authors are apt at times to write stuff which is this
20. It may be wiser to take this than pulse
21. In certain homes this is kept handy in kitchen to help in preparing a meal

DOWN CLUES.

1. This is specially made to withstand damage from rain
2. Harder to keep, when blown
4. Catching one in the press may mean trouble for somebody
7. Indicated by X on paper
9. It's not surprising atmosphere is often tense when these are really serious
10. Frequently associated with a certain colour
12. Special one may be used by camouflage workers
13. Less likely to be needed so much during cold winter months at seaside resort
15. In some cases admission is given by this
16. Even patient may possibly get a bit tired of one
17. Scene of combat
19. It shouldn't be very difficult to get this of old gamp

FREE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN £250 CASH!

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. Bullets coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Fine Cash Offer, provided it bears the same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 39.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 191st of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

GIANT EASTER OFFER NEXT WEEK!

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, March 14. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; but more than one cash prize and one other prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 191, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

7 Big Cheques Won in X-Word No. 188

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 188, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square were the following seven competitors, who submitted Squares differing at two points only from the most meritorious Sets of Answers set in Square on right:—

L. BOYDLE, 7, Westfield Drive, Park Rd., Prestwich.
Sgt. A. DUFFEY, R.C., 68, Gilbert's Inn, Fleet St., E.C.4.
J. EVANS, 77a, Oakwood Rd., Balham, S.W.12.
J. GREEN, 242, St. Thomas's Rd., Preston, Lancs.
Mrs. C. E. GRICE, 88, Conway Ave., Cleveleys, Blackpool.
C. HILL, 100, Chapel St., Walk-on-Dearne, nr. Rotherham.
G. WINTERS, 222, Horn Lane, Acton, W.3.

These competitors share the First Prize of £450, and a cheque for £64 5s. 9d. will be sent to each.

The Award of £100 to Runners-up has been divided between 47 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and decisive Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £2 2s. 7d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

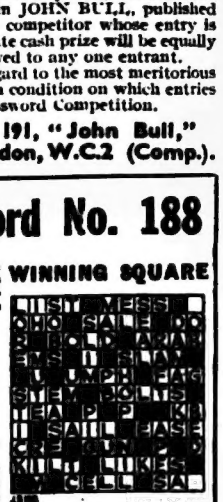
A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 347 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. LIST. 2. MESS. 4. ARAB. 6. FAG. 11. BOLTS. 14. SAILS. 16. GUN. 18. LIKES. 21. CELL. 22. SAW or SAX.

DOWN.—1. LORE. 2. SEAL. 4. JOB, ROB or SOB. 6. SLIM. 7. NUTS. 9. SHOP. 10. STICK. 12. FIG. 13. RED. 15. LULL. 17. APES. 19. SIR.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

Two blank spaces indicate that at these points SAW or SAX and JOB, ROB or SOB were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

X-WORD AID POST-FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the new war-time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 191, as well as extra squares with FREE PRIVILEGE and "Time-Save" Entry Sheet for another fine Pension Offer.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, March 2, 1940.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to total entry-fee of 4/-.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided of such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, March 14. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

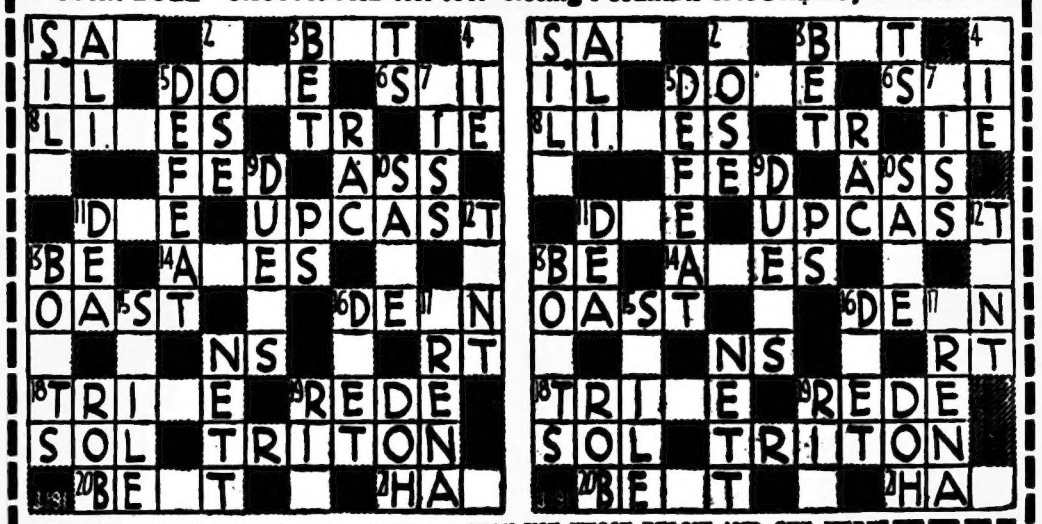
5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £350 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

"CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES"

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 191. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, MARCH 2.



"IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE"

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions. Affixed are 1½d. stamps at the rate of 2d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below.)

P.O Value..... No.....

Name.....

Address.....

REMEMBER ALSO TO ADD YOUR NAME & ADDRESS TO LABEL

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here	FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps
FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps	FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Allowing exclusive of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE).

"GAZETTE" LABEL

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

.....

.....

.....

23.....

PACKAGE FREE
BAD NERVES
CAUSE WEAK HEARTS.

If you have any indications of Nerve or Functional Heart Weakness such as Palpitation, Tobacco Heart, Shortness of Breath, Dizziness, Fainting, Fullness in the Throat, Anæmia, Pains around the Heart or under the left shoulder, allow us to send you a Free supply of "Oxien" Brand TABLETS and testimonials from people who have been cured.

THE GIANT OXIE CO., LTD. (Dept. 222 W.A.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

OXIEN BRAND TABLETS

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

Thousands of people are using elaborate aids to hearing who are not really deaf. They have Catarrh, which chokes the Eustachian tubes, so that they cannot hear well. In these cases NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy can remove the cause of the trouble. It opens clogged air-passages. Brings away poisonous mucus. Removes congestion. Stops Catarrhal Deafness, Head Noises, Head Colds. Get NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy to-day. All Chemists, 1/3 and 3/-.

NOSTROLINE

Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE," J.76, Bristol, 8.

PILES!

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared, soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal or external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

BROOKLAX

Regd. *Brand*

CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE
Banishes
CONSTIPATION
Overnight
It is British!
2d 6d 1/3
SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

SKIN TROUBLES

such as Eczema, Dermatitis, Irritation and even Bad Legs, Burns, Cuts invariably yield to HEALO Treatment, and Testimonials are constantly being received from grateful users. Here is one from Melbourne, Derbyshire: "*Will you please send me a 3/- tin of HEALO. A friend gave me half a 1/3 tin of your Ointment and it has done my Dermatitis more good than four years' hospital treatment.*"

W—— G——

HEALO Brand Ointment is sold in 1/3 and 3/- tins from all Chemists or post free from Cuxson, Gerrard and Co., Ltd., Oldbury.

HEALO OINTMENT

FOR BARGAINS . . . . . See JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW —Page 3.

The Last Laugh

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped, addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

BETTY (Matlock).—"Whenever I put on any new clothes, my sister always shows her displeasure." Well, you should buy your own now and again.

D. W. (Wembley).—"Boxers seldom make good business men." Nevertheless, they know how to clinch a good deal.

H. B. (Clevedon).—"I hear that the Nazis have a gas which sends to sleep every living thing it encounters for several hours." Civil Servants don't care.

L. A. (Denham).—"When I employed the boy he told me he was very handy, but he was no use at all." Perhaps he meant he lived just across the road.

Miss D. A. (Sheffield).—"I shall announce my engagement as soon as I can find a flat." But surely you've got him already?

A. N. (Normanton).—"There is little doubt that when in Rome to do as the Romans do is good advice." That's not advice in Rome to-day—it's a command.

D. W. (Barnes).—"Many girls are said to do the B.B.C. physical exercises at 7.35 a.m." In fact, they make a point of staying up for them.

G. H. (Worksop).—"I expect my diary will be valuable one day." You mean when the demand for waste paper becomes more acute?

C. C. (Grimsby).—"As a British workman I ask for nothing whatever but a spot of work." But you won't turn down a spot of pay for it, surely?

F. L. (Lincoln).—"A junior clerk often feels that he will never fill the shoes of the managing director." He should try wearing two pairs of socks.

L. F. (Rotherhithe).—"What I have said in my letter has come straight from the shoulder." We wish some of it had originated a little higher up.

J. V. (Winchester).—"I've just written a piano symphony that can be played with one hand." Leaving the other one free to ward off the missiles?

TOM (Leominster).—"Why are there so many motor-car accidents in America?" Recent reports show that 75 per cent. of them are due to drivers hugging too close to the curve.

M. A. (Belfast).—"A young doctor I know is continually calling at my house for a chat. He's too regular in this, and it's not always convenient to see him. What shall I do about it?" Give instructions that next time he calls he is to be told that you can't see him—you're ill.

"Bullets" Illustrated:
Like a Frightened Rabbit
Since Evacuees' Arrival, Bull!

S. L. (Luton).—"Many comedians are funny in private life, too." Too?

M. B. (Ealing).—"My wife wanted me to take her to look at some furs, but I told her I could not afford to do so." But entrance to the Zoo costs only a bob.

CITY MAN (London, E.C.2).—"In my opinion, an office-boy who smiles all day is worth his weight in gold." Well, he certainly can't whistle while he's doing that.

N. T. (London, E.).—"Somehow our sergeant became attached to a cable of one of the barrage balloons that had just been inflated." We bet he went up in the air!

M. P. (Newcastle).—"I have noticed in the last few weeks that people who used to laugh at me have been most polite and flattering." Are you by any chance a plumber?

PAT (Cork).—"When I was charged with fighting the magistrate asked if the case couldn't be settled out of court." So you told him that's what you were trying to do when the police interfered?

T. F. (Cambridge).—"I have never yet come across a really pretty head on wise shoulders." But then, of course, you never saw us at the cinema in our courting days.

VETERAN (Horsham).—"I can remember an occasion in the last war when I made twenty Germans run for all they were worth." Still, you got away all right, didn't you?

R. L. (Guildford).—"When a waiter gives me good service I feel like giving him a pat on the back." Especially if he has managed to wangle an extra pat on the butter dish?

T. N. (Louth).—"I have invented a special type of receptable for catching hair clippings." But, no doubt, our barber will continue to use the back of our neck for that purpose.

SHOPKEEPER (Paignton).—"I couldn't possibly give the man more credit. Already his bill is bigger than it should be" Perhaps if you made it out correctly he'd pay up.

G. K. (Kingswood).—"Do you always get a terrible smell coming from the kitchen when your wife is cooking? Can't say. We've never cooked ours.

W. P. (Leicester).—"It is not the catching of something that matters, but its pursuit." That's just what the 'bus conductors down our way seem to think.

ARTIST (Netheravon).—"I'm feeling very upset—a burglar broke in the other day and cut one of my pictures out of its frame." And was the frame worth much?

G. P. (Wrotham).—"I am as fit as a fiddle, as I go in for five minutes' wrestling nearly every morning." We don't like our collars starched quite as stiff as all that.

MANAGER (Crewe).—"I've noticed that several of my clerks spend ten minutes every day brushing and combing their hair. You'd never catch me doing such a thing." You're bald?

MRS. S. (Weymouth).—"I was surprised to meet my neighbour's little son five miles from home. What do you think he said when I asked him what he was about?" Five miles from home.

J. M. (Leyburn).—"A woman will starve herself so that she can get into a certain gown she has set her heart on." Yes, and her husband has to starve himself so that she has the gown to get into.

D. M. (Cheam).—"When I was in New Zealand, I saw two Maori girls greet each other by rubbing noses." With face powder the price it is, that would never be popular in this country.

A. B. (Benfleet).—"It is high time that little cliques of hooligans should no longer issue demands on innocent people." Come, come, that's not the way to talk about the income tax authorities.

PTE. G. (Midlands).—"The regiment's cooks excelled themselves on Shrove Tuesday. I had eight pancakes, all steaming hot, and what do you think they gave me afterwards?" Indigestion?

R. B. (Hitchin).—"I am informed, on good authority, that the German people suffered a lack of coal during the recent Arctic spell." Something must have gone wrong with their scuttle policy.

THE KID By LEES

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—"For an hour and 20 minutes the battle was WAGES."

WESTERN MAIL AND SOUTH WALES NEWS:—"The King went aboard one of the trawlers and EXPECTED depth charges and other anti-submarine gear."

BRIDLINGTON CHRONICLE:—". . . and saw the flash of an anti-aircraft FUR as the destroyer fired a target shell."

PULMAN'S WEEKLY NEWS:—". . . singing CARPETS and wishing the villagers the season's compliments."

THE EVENING NEWS:—". . . blundered badly by banging WIFE after splendid work by the right-winger."

THE EVENING HERALD:—". . . who had BEES summoned for leaving his car unlocked . . ."

SCARBOROUGH MERCURY:—". . . and half a pound of fat fresh pork through a MINER."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"Anyone who has enough COLD to be able to light a fire is likely to receive visits from shivering friends all day long."

INCREASED 'BULLETS' EASTER EGG 1ST PRIZE

£250

TWO THREE or FOUR WORDS and COUPON BELOW and this FINE SUM can be YOURS THURSDAY before EASTER

£25 of it in £1 NOTES for Easter Saturday EASTER SPENDING

2,240 OTHER PRIZES for despatch on WED., MAR. 20

£20 | £10 | £5 | £4 | £3

EACH of above PLUS BIG EASTER HAMPER

HAMPER CONTENTS:—
Duckling
New Potatoes
Green Peas
Easter Cake
Easter Egg
Cigarettes
Bottle of Port

10 of £2 10 EACH PLUS EASTER DUCKLING

25 of 10/- EACH PLUS EASTER DUCKLING

AS GOOD AS A CHRISTMAS DINNER

200 SURPRISE AWARDS value 5/- | 2,000 OTHER PRIZES

ONE WEEK ONLY!

THIS WAY TO WIN YOUR EASTER CASH!

SOME "Bulleteer" is going to receive a thrilling Joy Wire on Friday, March 15, bringing congratulations from JOHN BULL on securing that increased All-cash Easter First of £250 which is offered this week; why shouldn't your name and address be on that telegram envelope?

Supporting this bumper £250 First is a fine array of Easter Cheques, big Easter Hampers and succulent Easter Ducklings, all to be won within the next few days.

To make a *Bullet* you have only to add Two, Three or Four words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below.

Settle down to the *Examples* without delay, for your entry must be postmarked on or before Saturday, March 2.

BULLETS' 1,206 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £220:

J. G. SMITH, 2, Lodge Road (Shop), Tonbridge, Kent.

Example: RATIONING'S A PROBLEM, BUT WISE COURSE—WHY CURSE?

SECOND PRIZE, £20:

Miss J. MOSS, 2, Delph Street, Leeds.

Whitehall Machine Dangerous Without Westminster's "Brains"

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

F. EDGAR, 13, Station Road, South Bank, Middlesbrough, Yorks.

Sensible Girl Can Cry *After* "Good-bye!" (Entered on Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

C. HENDRICK, 42, Prince Road, South [illegible], London, S.E.
When Enemy Returns—See About "*Deserved* Occupations"!

Mrs. D. E. SWANN, 10, Laburnum Road, Merton, London, S.W.
When Germany's Beaten—"Cleansed," Not "Wiped Out."

A. G. RAMSAY, 26, Gladstone Street, Consett, Co. Durham.
Seldom Pays Betting—Pay's Best "Bet."

Mrs. K. SOWTER, 30, Par Green, Par, Cornwall.
Hunt's Evacuees—Evacuated *Room*—Fill *Home*!

F. HAYWARD, 457, Willenhall Road, Moseley Village, Wolverhampton.
When Germany's Beaten—Extract "Teeth"—Leave "Tongue"!

R. G. MALCOLM, 3, Sunnybank Road, Quinton, Birmingham.
Shocking Waste—Field Advertising Somebody's Bread!

T. FERGUSON, 84, Ramsay Road, Hawick, N.B.
Hunt's Evacuees—"Shock" And "Absorb" Her.

F. WHITE, 11, Milburn Road, Weston-super-Mare.
Doctor Spring—The "Sick World" *Dreading*.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

B. BEGGS, 130, Limestone Road, Belfast.
Real To Reason—Hitler—Reason To Defeat.

DOWNE, Devoran, Shiphay Lane, Torquay.
Seldom's A Problem, But—Scissors *Protecting* "Samson's" Strength.

C. M. GUNSTONE, Bangalore, Pegwell Road, Ramsgate.
Seldom Pays—Relieving Feelings, Leaving "Feelings"

JONES, 4, Field Street, Brynsiencyn, Anglesey.
Doctor Spring—And Chocolates, Mended Romance!

G. MALCOLM, 3, Sunnybank Road, Quinton, Birmingham.
Sensible Girl—*Hugging* "Escort," Neutral Ship

THACKER, High Street, North Thoresby, Grimsby, Lincs.
Farewell Goering—To Whack—To Work!

THOMAS, 19, Brodrick Road, London, S.W.
Sensible Girl — Doesn't "Paint" — Nor "Rint"

WELCH, 28, Copthorne Avenue, Bromley.
Whitehall Machine—*Undoes* "Ten Men's Work"

E. WHITEHOUSE, 81, Chassen Road, Urmston, Manchester.
Home Sweet Home—Overseas—Nazi Leaders Preaching!

L. WYLIE, 12, Orchard Avenue, Heston.
Shocking Waste—Paper, Petrol, Pluck—Pamphlets.

These of the above winners of Prizes from 10s. to £20 who qualified for additional £5 as in accordance with offer will receive this the course.

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 winners of Prise Awards can be seen at these offices.

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in opinion of the judges in consultation with Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the prizes in order of merit, the test being ness, aptness and originality. The undertakes that every *Bullet* received have careful consideration by a competent of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts be written on each coupon and stamps be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible

ENTER ON THESE NEW EASY-TO-USE STAMP or P.O. COUPONS

N.B. Extra entries on plain paper will be accepted at same rate of entry-fee. Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 37, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.

ADDRESS LABEL BELOW TO YOURSELF—AND SO SECURE POST-FREE COPY OF "BULLETS" BULLETIN, DATED MAR. 16, YOUR FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

23

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,210 — Closing postmark, SAT., MAR. 2.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

NAME and ADDRESS on both LABEL and COUPON

ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO LABEL ALSO

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE — For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE — For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

CUT RIGHT ROUND THIS DOTTED LINE

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

HITLER FORGOT
TO HELP THE FIGHTERS
AMERICA'S POLICY
NOTHING TO REPORT
PEACE TERMS
THANKS TO JACK
TO AUNTIE'S DISGUST
I'D BE RICH, IF
DAY IN AND DAY OUT
SPREADING HAPPINESS
OIL
ALL WE ASK
NO GOOD
OMINOUS
IT'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL, BUT
THE FIRST STEP
SPEND WISELY AND
CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE
OUR LOSSES
MAN WITH A FAMILY

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" on which to build your "Bullets" as instructed.

THE CHIEF ..... DEMAND
..... ACCORDING TO .....
WHAT ..... THINKS
TASK OF THE .....
DOWN TO .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,210 — Closing postmark SAT., MAR. 2.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE — For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE — For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for *Bullets* No. 1,210 or X-Word No. 191 entry value 1s. or over, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,210, "JOHN BULL," [illegible] AGRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ONE WEEK ONLY
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, MAR. 2.

SMASH THAT 'FLU attack TONIGHT! with 'ASPRO'

The weakening gone-at-the-knees Feverish-Aching-Sniffling Sensation will disappear like an illusion TOO!

YOU needn't get the 'Flu this Winter! Just keep a packet of 'ASPRO' Tablets handy—take them when the first symptoms appear and the 'Flu won't harm you. Should you have the 'Flu you'll find that 'ASPRO' will hunt it out in one night.

READ THIS PROOF

"DID NOT THINK SUCH A THING COULD REALLY HAPPEN—"

'ASPRO' user astonished at swift recovery

J. A. B. G., of Fulham, S.W.6, writes: "I wish to write and inform you of a remarkable recovery from 'flu. On Monday last I came home from work with a temperature of 102 and was feeling very ill. Naturally I knew that I was going to be a victim of a 'flu attack. I went to bed that evening with a hot lemon and whisky, together with two 'ASPRO' tablets: after drinking this I fell into a sound sleep. I must have been almost bathed in perspiration during the night because in the morning my pyjamas were quite wet. My temperature had incidentally gone down to normal and I went to work the NEXT MORNING feeling a little weak but quite well. I was simply astonished because I did not think such a thing could really happen. I played football this Saturday and felt fit and well."

NURSE PRAISES 'ASPRO' FOR 'FLU

Erdington, Birmingham.

Dear Sirs, I wish to write and thank you. One of my old patients had a bad attack of 'Flu—I then awaited the result of your 'ASPRO', which were most effective. I shall most assuredly recommend them for colds of any description, and especially for neurotics, etc., etc., as I feel they are indispensable in a house this time of the year. I am sure they will find a home wherever they are tested.

I remain, Yours truly,
NURSE B. S———

FAMILY MEDICINE FOR 48 HOUR 'FLU

98, Paradise Road,
London, S.W.4.

Dear Sirs, 'ASPRO' tablets are the family medicine and I don't know what we should all have done without them this Xmas as we have all had the 48 hour 'flu. At time of writing I have just taken 2 for rheumatism. Without them I cannot get about. Thanking you.

Yours faithfully, MRS. EDWARDS.

NEVER FAILS TO STOP COLD

45, Barrington Road,
Brixton, S.W.9.

Gentlemen, About 8 years ago I wrote to inform you of the great benefit my wife and myself had received from 'ASPRO.' I thought it might interest you to know that I recently recommended 'ASPRO' to a friend who has been troubled with rheumatism. He tells me that not only did he secure instant relief, but the improvement appears to have been permanent. My step-son has also found 'ASPRO' wonderfully efficacious in an attack of violent toothache. May I add that I have never known 'ASPRO' fail to stop a cold if taken at bedtime with hot milk. I may say that I should not care to be without some in the house.

Yours faithfully,
W. T. WILKINSON.

'FLU TRIBUTE FROM HONG-KONG

Stonard Road,
Dagenham, Essex.

Dear Sirs, I have much pleasure in sending you a Chinese paper containing an advert. of your famous 'ASPRO.' My son has recently returned from Hong-Kong and he says that 'ASPRO' is as familiar there as it is at home. We use a lot here and during this epidemic of 'flu I have found it very useful indeed as I have had six people all down with it and have used your 'ASPRO' with lovely results.

Yours truly, MRS. L.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by
ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks.
Telephone: SLOUGH 22381

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

'ASPRO' USED AS A GARGLE WILL GET RID OF THAT SORE THROAT TOO!

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, and act as a deterrent.

PUBLIC NOTICE. 'ASPRO' prices are not increased. They remain the same as pre-war

3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

ASPRO

SHAVEX

IS USED BY ALL BRITISH FORCES

NO SOAP—NO BRUSH—NO LATHER

For shaving when in a hurry it is marvellous—a perfect shave in two minutes. No water needed, but, if you have water, moisten your face before using Shavex. You can shave in a quarter of the time that it takes with soap and brush, and your skin will feel as fresh as a daisy. Almond Oil in Shavex keeps the face young and takes away wrinkles. Smear Shavex over the face when you have shaved, and your face will keep young, fresh and free from blemishes.

Millions all over the World are now using Shavex. Beware of imitations—there is nothing like Shavex—the antiseptic shaving cream—the first on the market.

SHAVEX *is sold everywhere in* **6d., 1/- and 1/6** *Tubes and* **1/6** *Pots*

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.,
40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.

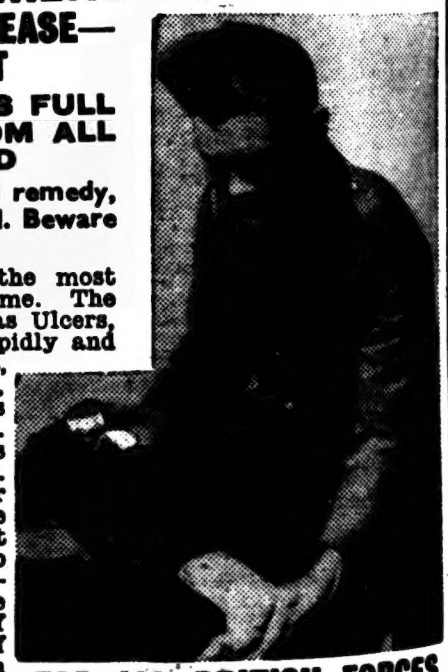
ZEE-KOL (BRAND)

THE ONLY OINTMENT FOR A.R.P.

HEALS EVERY SKIN DISEASE—MANY IN A NIGHT

WE HAVE FOUR SACKS FULL OF TESTIMONIALS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

Many may promise a wonderful remedy, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of Imitations.



ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin Healer of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. Zee-Kol kills all germs that enter the skin—that is why it heals the moment it touches the skin. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol heals in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Chilblains, Leg Trouble, Severe Burns, etc.

6d., 1/3 and 3/-

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.,
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FOR ALL BRITISH FORCES.

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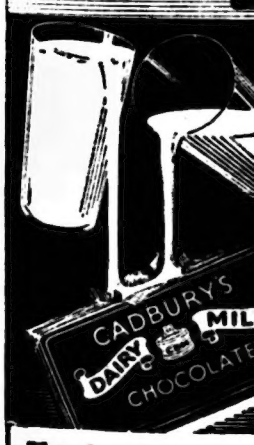

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